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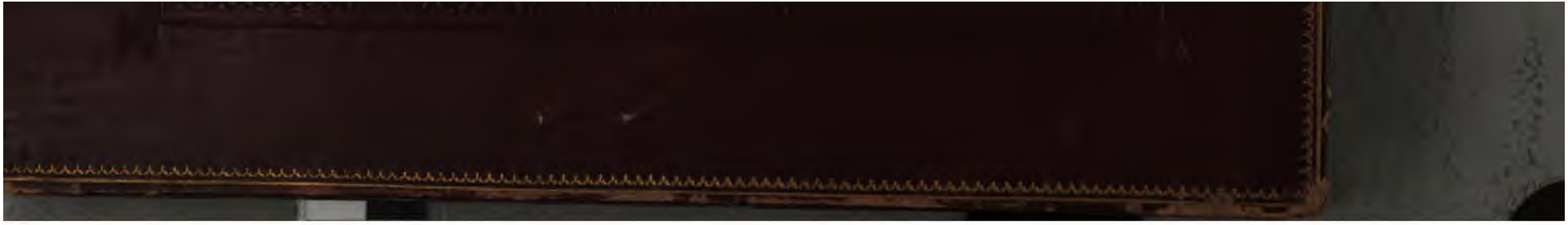

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To

Chalmers Esqr.

These Volumes are respectfy.

presented by

Saml Robert,

Park Grange

July 18th 1822

THE

Royal Exile.

SHEFFIELD:
PRINTED BY J. MONTGOMERY.

MARA STOVVAR REGI SCOTI ANGLI

THE

Royal Exile;

OR,

POETICAL EPISTLES

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS,

DURING HER CAPTIVITY IN ENGLAND:

WITH

Other Original Poems.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

ALSO, BY HER FATHER,

THE LIFE OF QUEEN MARY, &c. &c.

It is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well-doing, than for evil-doing. 1 PET. iii. 17.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, & BROWN, AND TAYLOR & HESSEY;
SOLD BY MISS GALES, AND THE OTHER BOOKSELLERS IN SHEFFIELD.

1822.

280. i. 146.

MEDALLION.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that though there are more painted (seemingly original) portraits of Mary, Queen of Scots, than of almost any other person, yet there is not one which is certainly known to be genuine. It is still more remarkable, that there is not, among that great number, any two which greatly resemble each other: Nay, they so far differ as to have various coloured hair and eye-brows; Roman, Grecian, and turned-up noses; blue and hazle eyes, and complexions of many different shades of dark and fair.

These circumstances induced Mr. Chalmers to employ a celebrated artist (Pailou) to examine the effigy of the Queen on her monument, as well as all the best paintings of her, and from them to combine and paint a likeness of her for his interesting "*Life of Queen Mary*." The success, however, of the ablest artist, in such a case, must be very doubtful.

The Medallion, an engraving of which is prefixed as a frontispiece to this work, was kindly presented for that purpose, by Mr. Chalmers; it was originally intended for his Life of Mary, but was finished too late. It is perhaps the most authentic profile of that Queen in existence. The Medallion was engraved (while she was Dauphiness of France) by Primare. Its being pretty generally found in the best collections of Medals is strong evidence of its authenticity.

Dedication.

TO

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

MADAM,

I TRUST that you will pardon my freedom in presuming thus to dedicate these volumes. I have judged it best to do this without soliciting your consent, because by so doing, I neither subject you to the pain of refusing, nor to the impropriety of giving the sanction of your name to a work, which you cannot have an opportunity of previously perusing.

My motive in thus affixing your name, is not so much with a view to promote the success of the undertaking, as to avail myself of an opportunity thus publicly to testify the very high esteem in which I hold, and have long held, your admirable writings and

correspondent life. Of all living authors, I consider you as being the one who has, with the Divine blessing, most benefited the cause of pure and undefiled religion, and consequently rendered the most essential service to your fellow-creatures, as well as conduced to the promotion of God's glory on earth.

There are several other reasons why this publication may, with peculiar propriety, be inscribed to you. The poetical part of it is the production of a very young female, now first starting (tremblingly, indeed, but ardently,) on that course, wherein, since you were of her age, you have persevered so long, so gloriously, and so successfully. As a father, therefore, I cannot but feel anxious, that, if spared and permitted to proceed, she may emulate so bright and so useful an example. You have proved that the very highest rank in literature, because the very purest, may be attained and upheld without the relinquishment of any one ordinary and important female duty. That the highest literary reputation is not incompatible with the greatest humility, and that to be distinguished as an author is not necessarily to be distinguished for eccentricities. You have proved, that it is not required, even for a female, to hide any eminent and peculiar

talent with which God has been pleased to endow her, in order to the due cultivation of others, of which she may not be possessed of more than a common share.

Another reason which may be urged for the dedication is, that this work is an attempt *to do justice* to the character of a Female, standing in the very highest rank of station, beauty, and intellectual accomplishments, the queen of two kingdoms before she was eighteen years of age, and heir-apparent to another; opposed, afflicted, and calumniated almost beyond any other instance that history records. *You* have not escaped either affliction or calumny; you, therefore, whatever may have been your previous sentiment, will, more than most others, rejoice in the success (should such attend it) of an undertaking, designed to remove those prejudices which have hitherto contributed, in this instance, to oppose the perception of truth, and to prevent that justice being done to the illustrious dead, which an enlightened public is ever ready to pay.

Again; the profits of this publication are designed to alleviate the sufferings of deserving females, afflicted with the bereavements, the infirmities, and

the too frequent neglects of old age,—with poverty and want, sometimes with ignorance and evil habits, tottering on the brink of the grave, into which numbers are, in the course of every year, removed from the lists and the visits of their attentive benefactors. For such, none can, none do, feel more than you; few have made equal exertions in their cause; nor will any, I am assured, more rejoice in the mitigation of their sorrows and their sufferings.

In conclusion, I have only earnestly to pray, that myself, the youthful poetess, and all who read this address, may be stimulated to imitate that example which you have so long and so illustriously held up, of the most lively *faith*, evinced by the most eminent *good works*, and that we may, with you, receive, with a crown of glory, that will never fade away, that exhilarating commendation of the Righteous Judge of quick and dead,—"*Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*"

I am,

MADAM,

Most respectfully,

Your sincere admirer and obedient Servant,

THE EDITOR.

JAN. 1, 1822.

AGED FEMALE SOCIETY.

"Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of declining age."

It is with the hope and expectation that similar plans may be adopted in other places, that the following description of the *Aged Female Society* in Sheffield, (to the use of which any profits that may arise from the sale of this publication are intended to be applied,) is here given, together with the *General Rules of the Institution.*

The Society was established in April, 1810. The General Rules below, explain its nature and its object. It is a truly Christian Institution; all distinction of sect or party being totally excluded. This Charitable Institution is scarcely liable either to imposition, mismanagement, or misapplication of its funds, the means of conducting its concerns being simple and clearly defined; age, character, and necessity, are all that are required to be ascertained.

This Society, perhaps more than any other, acts as a double blessing, the Visitors not unfrequently reaping the greatest advantage. The benefactors, and the objects of their bounty, become, almost invariably, more or less attached to each other. The visits of the former, though they may be, like those of angels, "short and far between," partake, like them, of a heavenly nature; they are anticipated with hope, they are received with advantage, and they are remembered with pleasure.

GENERAL RULES OF THE INSTITUTION.

1. That the Officers of this Society shall consist of Six Patronesses, a Treasurer, Two Secretaries, and a Committee of Sixteen Ladies, any five of which Committee shall be competent to act; that four of the Committee shall go out of office every year, either by re-

signation or ballot, and four others be elected in their places at the General Meeting to be held annually, on the second Monday in May, at which Meeting the Patronesses, Treasurer, and Secretaries shall be annually chosen.

2. That Three Ladies be appointed to audit the Accounts, previous to every General Meeting.

3. That no Subscriptions of less than Five Shillings be accepted; the first payment to be made on entrance into the Society, and that every Lady being a Subscriber of One Guinea, or making a Donation of Five Guineas, be entitled to vote at all Meetings of the Committee.

4. That Donors shall have the privilege of recommending objects to be relieved by this Society, in the proportion of one for every Five Guineas; annual Subscribers in the proportion of one for every half Guinea, and that two Subscribers, of Five Shillings each, may unite to recommend one object, to which recommendations particular attention shall be paid.

5. That poor and infirm Widows and single Women of good character, of sixty-five years of age and upwards, not having an income of more than Five Shillings per week, be deemed proper objects of this Charity.

6. That no person be relieved by this Society who resides more than three miles from the Parish Church, nor if residing more than one mile and a half, unless the person recommending have obtained the approbation of one of the Committee, with her promise personally to visit and investigate the circumstances and merits of the Candidate, who shall then be deemed eligible to receive such relief as the Committee, after hearing the Visitors' Report, shall determine.

7. That the relief granted shall be in Money, Clothing, Fuel, Medicines, or otherwise, as the case in the judgment of the Committee or Visitors may require.

8. That all Donations made to this Society shall be placed in the public Funds, and the Interest only be employed to aid the Subscriptions in relieving the objects of this Charity.

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There is not upon earth a more heavenly office than that of disinterestedly advocating the cause of long calumniated and injured innocence.

ANONYMOUS.

PREFACE.

IF the most important use of history be to instruct us by example how to avoid the evil and to choose the good, it is greatly to be lamented that there are so very few instances in which its accuracy can be implicitly relied upon. Even the most clear and simple facts are frequently so differently related, by different historians, as to be totally at variance with each other, and to lead to diametrically opposite conclusions. This is often the case, with respect even to public occurrences and measures; but it is more particularly the case when the historian descends to the actions of individuals, and still more so, when he attempts to develope the motives from whence those actions proceed. To explain the cause of much of this variance would not be a difficult task, but it would in this place be leading too far from the object of the present publication. The fact is too notorious to admit of being disputed, and, therefore, I may now proceed to the immediate application of it, as attaching to the particular case before us.

The life of *Mary, Queen of Scots*, is perhaps one of the strongest instances on record of the fact above-mentioned. Standing, as she did, in succession, the second, if not the first, most prominent character in three adjacent kingdoms, France, Scotland, and England, at periods not very remote from the present, and yet sufficiently so to have afforded time for the cooling of fiery zeal, the removal of party prejudice, and the lessening of political animosity, she has nevertheless been to this hour represented by one class of historians, as little less than a demon in a lovely human form, and by another class, as almost equally perfect in heart, in understanding, in

conduct, and in person. More than two hundred years have not sufficed clearly to ascertain exactly where, between these two, (for between them it is,) the truth lies. To elucidate this subject as far as it is in my power, is the purport of these introductory remarks, and of the Dissertation following them.

Malignity and prejudice have not any one agent so active and so powerful as, what is termed, Religious zeal. To accomplish its ends, it often seems to regard no means as too base, no instruments as too violent, no persons as too elevated or sacred, no effects as too cruel and dreadful. This uncharitable disposition, unhappily, is not confined to any sect of professing Christians; the persecuted have almost always in their turns become persecutors. The nominal disciples of the God of Love, and the professors of the religion of Charity, have at times hated, traduced, oppressed, and murdered each other with the most insatiable cruelty. Wherever, then, this violent engine is known to have been long and unceasingly directed against the character of any one individual, but especially against the feeble and unprotected, it may well be supposed, that even the most perfect of human creatures would be represented as little less vile than an infernal being. To all this never-ceasing fiery ordeal, it is well known, the character of Mary, Queen of Scots, has, in a peculiar and eminent degree, been exposed.

In this day, thank God, much of the power, and I trust, of the spirit of malignant persecution is abated; still, alas, there is much, very much, even among strict religionists, secretly lurking in the heart. With self-complacency they too often seek for, and expose, the imputed errors, failings, and absurdities of those who differ from them on abstruse doctrinal points, or on unimportant ceremonials, thereby widening the breach which the efforts of Christian charity might almost close. Nothing can have a greater tendency to awaken and keep alive spiritual pride in the heart, than this habit of seeking for, and magnifying, the real or imaginary faults of others on religious subjects. There is no sect of professing Christians but what have their good and bad peculiarities, nor perhaps any individual members of such sects, without commendable as well as blameable properties; a habit of looking for the former will certainly redound the most to our own humility, amendment, and future happiness, as well as to the harmony of society, the bond of charity, the diffusion of Christianity, and the salvation of ourselves and others.

If ever there was a human being, who, in a more eminent degree than any other, demanded, and deserved, peculiar concessions in judging of her conduct, and in estimating her true character, that individual is Mary, Queen of Scots. Taken when a mere child out of the hands of her natural guardians, from the protection of her native country, and delivered up into the custody of strangers, in a country the most dissolute in Europe, at a court the most frivolous, gay, and licentious, to be educated professedly to become at some future period their Queen; her having escaped under these temptations, even tolerably pure, must be looked upon as a matter of surprise.

When it is considered, in addition to these circumstances, that religion in that country was not only exceedingly indulgent to the frailties and vices of the great, but that it was in its ceremonials singularly calculated to fascinate the heart of a female so situated; and moreover, that there was a degree of splendour attached to, and surrounding it, in that court, almost, if not fully, equal to what it possessed in Rome itself; these things considered, the passing of a female so situated through such allurements uncontaminated, must be regarded as truly marvellous, Through all this, however, did the young Princess to whom we are alluding, pass without exciting any imputation of peculiar vice, folly, or weakness.

The Roman Catholic religion having hitherto been the national religion of Scotland, Mary herself being a Catholic, it was not likely that her education and residence in France would have lessened her attachment to a form of worship so suited (as she had there beheld it,) to captivate her youthful mind, possessing, as she did, a lively imagination, a warm heart, and the love of splendour. To this, the religion of her country and of her forefathers, she was, on her leaving France, too firmly and sincerely attached to be driven by opposition to forsake it.

At the period of Mary's return to Scotland, the Reformers had succeeded in becoming the stronger, though not the more numerous, party. The Catholics, however, though borne down, were by no means subdued; they had still sufficient strength and spirit remaining to continue the contest, and to provoke, by defending their religion, the inveterate enmity of their adversaries. Of all Reformers the Scotch appear to have been the rudest and the most unchristian in

their sentiments and practices. The cause, they seemed to think, sanctified the means, however opposite those means might be to that religion which they professed to venerate, and to seek to purge from all impurity. Falsehood, rapine, and murder were the instruments which they frequently employed, to convince, to silence, or to extirpate the Roman Catholics. By these means, and the most strenuous, loud, and rude exposure of the real and imagined errors and crimes of their opponents, as well as by a longing for at least a share of the rich endowments of the established clergy, the Reformers were daily adding to their numbers and to their power. A young unprotected Queen, well known to be strongly attached to the falling religion, could not expect to be spared by adversaries such as she had now to encounter. Their very existence as well as their religion, would appear to them to depend on their being able to vilify and to get rid of a monarch so opposed to their object.

To all these difficulties with which poor Mary had to contend, may be added the treacherous conduct of one of the most artful, suspicious, deceitful, and tyrannical Queens that ever filled a throne. All the evil passions of the heart of Elizabeth (and they were many and great) were brought into full exercise by the claims of Queen Mary to the English throne, by her acknowledged abilities, and, above all, by her youth and transcendent beauty. The power which Elizabeth possessed by artful intrigue at the Scottish court, was more than equal perhaps to that of their own Queen. She had every inducement as a Protestant to seek to encourage and support the Scottish Reformers in their endeavours to establish their religion, and to oppose and vilify the character of the Roman Catholic Mary. To sink her in the eyes of the world, as well as in the estimation of her own subjects, would be alike the wish and the endeavour of the violent Scotch Reformers and of the jealous English Queen.

Under all these circumstances, it would naturally follow, that the Queen of Scots would be accused of every crime of which any shadow of proof existed, or which could be invented. The almost daily occurrence of base actions and of violent changes in such turbulent times, in so distracted a country, among so rude and exasperated a people, unhappily afforded but too frequent, and too favourable, opportunities to her enemies to misrepresent her conduct, and to traduce her character. The wonder is, that they were not able so to establish any one of their important charges against her,

as to produce conviction on the minds of all subsequent enquirers and historians. Her accusers have been many and indefatigable. None of them, however, are fully agreed with each other, while later historians, possessed of at least equal impartiality, abilities, and disinterestedness, and, by the discovery of important documents, of more authentic information, have acquitted her of all the serious crimes laid to her charge. That she herself should have escaped death, when even assassination appears to have been considered, if not a meritorious act, at least an allowable means of serving the cause of religion or the state,—and when it was very commonly practised, even in private quarrels,—looks like an interposition of Divine providence in her favour. The subsequent transactions of the life of this unhappy Queen, with the exemplary conduct and disposition which she evinced in the last awful scene of the eventful tragedy, seem to add strength to the supposition.

Had Mary, however, enjoyed a more tranquil life, it is probable that she would have possessed much less of that peace and resignation which she displayed at the hour of death, and which appear totally incompatible with the guilt with which she has been charged.

If we wanted a contrast to the life of trouble, and the peaceful death of the Queen of Scots, it would be almost impossible to find a stronger than in that of her rival and oppressor, the Queen of England. With very inferior personal accomplishments, with perhaps no better a head, and with a much worse heart, she lived in prosperity during the greater part of her days, and though undeniably guilty of more crimes than the Queen of Scots was ever accused of, those crimes were not only overlooked, but she received the praise of her contemporaries and of posterity, as if she had been possessed of every virtue that could adorn and ennoble human nature. Nor did her life afford a greater contrast to that of her rival than her death; she died as she had lived, surrounded with splendour, and with servants devoted to her will; yet all availed not to afford consolation. No one, on reading an account of it, would be disposed to say, "May my latter end be like hers!" Mary died on the scaffold, surrounded by her enemies; yet few, on reading a relation of the awful event, would be able to refrain from crying out, "O, may I die the death of the righteous!"

If there were not human hearts so completely occupied by self,

that nothing which does not seem to promote the gratification of the latter, can any way affect the former, the Queen of Scots, situated as she was, could not have sued in vain for protection to Elizabeth. She did, however, sue in vain; nay, she was not only denied protection, but she was made prisoner and most cruelly oppressed; she was basely betrayed; she was vilely insulted; she was unjustly deprived of her personal liberty during eighteen years, and at last foully murdered! *

When the Queen of England had a selfish object to attain, the only question with her appears to have been, How can it be most completely obtained? No matter who suffers by the means employed, provided it can be accomplished. The Queen of Scots was to be effectually secured without her rival having the odium of imprisoning her. The most central part of the kingdom, then, was fixed upon, and one of the bravest and most trusty noblemen in her dominions appointed to be her keeper: of course himself rendered little less a prisoner for almost fourteen years of the best part of his life, than his charge: no remonstrance of his against the injustice of this proceeding could avail him. His life, it is probable, would have been the price of his refusal, while even for some little lenity shewn to her innocent victim, he was rated by his Queen like a school-boy who had neglected his task.

The range which the oppressed captive was allowed happened, unknown probably to her oppressor, to be one of the most beautiful and interesting districts in this kingdom. I have known it intimately

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* She was in England exactly eighteen years, eight months, and twenty-two days. The following table will exhibit at one view, what proportion of this time was spent at different places where she resided. I suppose the whole term of her residence in England to be divided into a hundred parts:—

1 in *Cumberland.*
2 *at Coventry, Worksop, and in her journeys.*
2 *at Fotheringay.*
3 *at Chartley.*
3 *at Bolton.*
4 *at Winfield.*
4 *at Buxton.*
7 *at Chatsworth.*
12 *at Tutbury.*
62 *at Sheffield.*

HUNTER's *Hallamshire.*

more than half a century; during a moiety of that period, I have resided within the Park of that Manor House, which, during almost fourteen years of the early part of her captivity, was poor Mary's prison. Though this extensive Park, being eight miles in circumference, is now despoiled of almost all its ancient sylvan honours and ornaments, as well as of the magnificent and extensive structure, whose high and numerous turrets once crowned its elevated centre, it still exhibits, in all its comparative nakedness, an interesting variety of form, while the prospects which it possesses from three of its sides, are extensive and beautiful. *

The recent publication of "*The History of Hallamshire,*" by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, of Bath, a native of Sheffield, has served greatly to increase the interest which almost all surrounding objects excited both in themselves and from being connected with many important events of a recent as well as of an ancient date. I now, when at home, seem treading, and looking, on classic ground.

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* "Whatever may be the appearance of Sheffield Park at present, its scenery has been at some time magnificently sylvan, and the Talbots might have walked under the umbrageous canopy of their woods a much greater distance than

"*From Sheffield Manor House to Handsworth Hall.*"

Indeed the Park seems to have been celebrated, not only for the number, but the size of its trees."

"After having mentioned several large oaks in Worksop Park, and the neighbourhood, Shire-oak, then standing, which was distant from bough end to bough end 90 feet, and which dropped into the three shires of York, Nottingham, and Derby, our author [Evelyn in his *Sylva,*] proceeds to mention another immense tree, once growing in Sheffield Park:—

'And now, before I shut up these encouraging instances, I am informed by a person of credit, that an oak in Sheffield Park, called the *Lady's Oak*, when felled, contained forty-two tons of timber, which had arms that held at least four feet square for ten yards in length,—the body six feet of clear timber: That in the same Park one might have chosen above a thousand trees, worth above six thousand pounds; another thousand worth four thousand pounds, *et sic de cæteris.* To this Mr. Halton replies, that it might possibly be meant of the Lord's Oak, already mentioned to have grown in Rivelin, for now Rivelin itself is totally destitute of that issue she once might have gloried in of oaks, and as to the computation of one thousand trees, formerly in Sheffield Park, worth six thousand pounds, it is believed there were a thousand much above that value, since, in what is now enclosed, it is evident touching one hundred, worth a thousand pounds.' "—*See the Notes to "Sheffield Park," a Poem, by* J. Holland.

Here the chiefs of other days, the Britons, the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, can all be distinctly traced by the remnant of their works, some of which must endure till the earth itself shall be dissolved.

Nothing, however, has contributed so much to increase the interest of the place, as the investigation into the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, which the preparation of these Epistles for the press has induced me to make. A captive Queen, so young, so accomplished, so lovely, so unprotected, so persecuted, so traduced, and at last so foully murdered, cannot fail to excite the strongest interest and commiseration. The man who can walk unconcernedly over the solitude which surrounds the small mouldering remains of Mary's prison walls, and traverse the ground over which she wandered, and view the scenes which she must often have surveyed with an aching heart, through many a lingering year, must himself, if the subject at all recurs to his mind, have a heart made of no very tender materials. *

During the first years of the confinement of Mary at Sheffield Manor, she was allowed considerably more indulgence and liberty than she afterwards experienced. The Earl of Shrewsbury appears to have been naturally of an affectionate and humane disposition, and allowed his prisoner much more liberty than his tyrannical mistress either intended or approved. The favour of the Countess, whose temper and feelings were the reverse of those of her Lord,

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* "Her comely form and graceful mien
Bespoke the Lady and the Queen;
The woes of one so fair and young,
Moved every heart and every tongue:
Driven from her home, a helpless child,
To brave the winds and billows wild;
An *exile* bred in realms afar;
Amid commotion, broil, and war:
In one short year her hopes all cross'd,—
A parent, husband, kingdom lost!
And all *ere eighteen years* had shed
Their honours o'er her royal head.
For such a Queen, the Stuart's heir,
A Queen so courteous, young, and fair,
Who would not every foe defy!
Who would not stand! who would not die!"
Hogg's *Queen's Wake*.

Mary judiciously conciliated by the sacrifice of a great part of her jewels, on which the lady appears to have cast a longing eye. At the time, then, when these Epistles are stated to have been written, Mary enjoyed a considerable degree of personal liberty within certain limits, and even some attention seems to have been then paid (which afterwards was not the case) to the preservation of her health. This appears from her having been permitted more than once to visit Buxton for the benefit of the waters. It is probable, then, that during the early part of her residence at the Manor, she enjoyed more tranquillity of mind than she had experienced for any length of time since her leaving France.

It is, however, in the closing scene of life that the conduct of the Queen of Scots shines with unrivalled lustre. I am not aware of the death of any mere human being that is calculated to raise the sufferer higher in the estimation of all good men than that of Mary, Queen of Scots, as it is related by impartial historians, and remains uncontradicted by her foes.

The following is the relation of the circumstances attending the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, as given by Mr. CHALMERS. This account differs very little in substance from those of other respectable historians.

"The morning of the 8th of February, 1586-7, being come, she dressed herself as gorgeously as she was wont to do on festival days; and calling her servants together, she commanded her will to be read; and prayed them to take their legacies in good part, for her abilities would not extend to greater matters. Then fixing her mind wholly upon God, in her oratory, with sighs and prayers, she begged his divine grace and favour, till the Sheriff, Andrews, came to acquaint her, that she must now appear in the last scene of her devious life. She came out with grace, countenance, and presence, says Camden, majestically composed, with a cheerful look, and a matron-like habit; with her head covered with a veil which hung down to the ground; with her prayer-book and beads hanging at her girdle; and carrying a crucifix of ivory in her hands. In the porch, she was received by the earls and other noblemen, where Melvil, her servant, falling upon his knees, and pouring forth his tears, bewailed his hard hap, that he was to carry into Scotland the woeful tidings of the unhappy fate of his lady and mistress. She thus comforted

him:—'Lament not, but rather rejoice; thou shalt, by and by, see Mary Stuart freed from all her cares. Tell them, that I die constant in my religion, and firm in my fidelity towards Scotland and France: God forgive them that have thirsted after my blood as harts do after the fountain. Thou, oh God! who art truth itself, and perfectly and truly understandest the inward thoughts of my heart, knowest how greatly I have desired, that the kingdoms of Scotland and England might be united in one. Commend me to my son, and assure him that I have done nothing which may be prejudicial to the kingdom; admonish him to hold in amity with the Queen of England; and see thou do him faithful service.'

"And now the tears trickling down, she bade Melvil several times farewell, who wept as much as she. Then turning to the earls, she prayed them that her servants might be civilly dealt withal; that they might enjoy the legacies which she had bequeathed them, that they might stand by her at her death, and might be sent back into their own country with letters of safe conduct. The former requests they granted, but that they should stand by her at her death, the Earl of Kent showed himself somewhat unwilling, fearing some superstition. 'Fear it not;' she said, 'these harmless souls desire only to take their last farewell of me. I know my sister Elizabeth would not have me denied so small a matter, that my women should be then present, were it but for the honour of the female sex. I am her near kinswoman, descended from Henry VII., Queen-dowager of France, and anointed Queen of Scots.'

"When she had said thus much, and turned herself aside, it was at last granted that such of her servants as she should name, should be present with her. She named Melvil, Burgoin, her physician, her apothecary, her surgeon, two women servants and others. Melvil bore up her train. So, the gentlemen, the two earls, and the sheriff, going before her, she came to the scaffold, which was built at the upper end of the hall, on which was placed a chair, a cushion, and a block, all covered with black cloth. As soon as she was sat down, and silence commanded, Beal read the warrant: she heard it attentively, yet as if her thoughts were taken up with somewhat else. Then Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough, began a long speech to her, concerning the condition of her life, past, present, and to come. She interrupted him once or twice as he was speaking, and prayed him not to trouble himself; protesting that she was firmly fixed in

the ancient Catholic religion, and for it was ready to shed her blood. When he earnestly prayed her to true repentance, and to put her whole trust in Christ by an assured faith, she answered that in that religion she was born, bred, and was ready to die. The earls said they would pray for her, to whom she said, that she would give them hearty thanks, if they would pray with her, 'but to join,' continued she, 'in prayer with you, who are of another religion, would in me be a heinous sin.'

"Then they appointed the Dean to pray; with whom, while the multitude that stood round, were praying, she fell down on her knees, and holding the crucifix before her, in her hands, prayed in Latin, with her servants, out of the office of the blessed Virgin Mary.

"After the Dean had ceased, she, in English words, recommended the church, her son, and Queen Elizabeth to God; beseeching him to turn away his wrath from this island; and professing that she reposed her hope of salvation in the blood of Christ; lifting up the crucifix, she called upon the celestial choir of saints to make intercession to Him for her; she forgave all her enemies, and kissing the crucifix, and signing herself with the cross, she said, 'As thy arms, oh Christ! were spread out upon the cross, so receive me with the stretched out arms of thy mercy, and forgive my sins.' Then the executioners asked her forgiveness, which she granted them. And, when her women-servants had taken off her upper garments, lamenting the while, she kissed them, and signing them with the cross, bade them, with a cheerful countenance, forbear their womanish lamentations, 'for now,' said she, 'shall I rest from all my sorrows.' In like manner, turning to her men-servants, who likewise wept, she signed them likewise with the cross, and smiling, bade them farewell: and now, having covered her face with a linen handkerchief, and laying herself down on the block, she repeated, from the Psalm, 'In Thee, oh Lord! do I trust, let me never be confounded.' Then stretching out her body, and repeating many times, 'Into thy hands, oh Lord! I commend my spirit,' her head was stricken off, at two strokes: the Dean crying out, So let Queen Elizabeth's enemies perish; the Earl of Kent answering, Amen: the multitude, meanwhile, sighing and sorrowing. A circumstance occurred which added greatly to the interest of this affecting scene: when they were about to remove the body of the unfortunate Queen, her little dog, which had followed her to the scaffold unobserved,

esclarsie, et questies encores en bonne sante, de quoy luy auuoit assure vottre bon frere, monsieur deBaieulx, qui s'estoit tant enquis alors de mes nouvelles, ce qui ma men se presentent si bonne occasion, du retour du presidant de Tours mon chansellier, de luy commander en soustienne vous aller visiter de ma part, et porter la presente, et vous fayre entendre comme mon douayre m' estant oste en Tourayne, ie suis pour recompance renvoiee etre votre voisine, que repance n'auriez malagreable veu l'ansiene conoissance entre nous, et ce que i' ay eu l'honneur de vous etre en respect de feu roy vottre maytre ; despuis la mort duquel il me semble n' auuoir trouue amitie in conoissance en ces nouuelles courts, que l'endroit de ceulx qui estoient des siens, qui sont quasi tous separes a present. Et pour le fayre court, ie n'eusse sceu auuoir voisin, duquel ie feusse plus contente, comme ce porteur vou dira ; auquel ie vous prie donner credit comme feriez a moy mesmes : et ou il aura besoing de votre fauueur et conseill pour mon service, l' enayder, comme ma fiance est en vou : et que par son moien dors en amant i' auray de voz nouuelles, et vous des miennes. Et pour ne fayre tort a sa sufisance, ie finiray par mes affectionnees recommendations a vous et a votre famme, priant Dieu vous donner, Monsieur d'Humieres, en sante tres heureuse et longue vie. De Schefild le xxvi de May. Vottre meilleure et plus assuree ensienne amye, MARIE.

A Monsieur d' Humieres.

Mary, Queen of Scots, to the Duke de Nevers, 1575.*

Mon Cousin,—I' ay resceu vostre honeste et courtoyse lettre, auuesque tres grand contentement, pour le tesmoignasge que me donner par iscelle, que mes longues aduersites n'ont eu le pouuoir de vous oster la bonne voulonte en la quelle i auuois tousiours fait estast de vous trouuer, de fayre pour moy, ou loccasion seu presenteroit comme pour l'une de voz meilleures parentes et amyes. Et tant senfant que ie veuille nesglisger une telle offre de vous, que ie vous priray mettre amy a present en l'affaire de mon duche de Thourayne, lequel on me veut oster ; et me donner et a mes gens fauueur et conseill pour acsepter l'eschange qui me sera offert, a ce que ie n'i fasse si grande perte. Vous pouuez assez considerer l' estast auquel ie

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* No. 8702, fo. 122, MSS. in the Royal Library at Paris.

but that of her conduct towards Queen Mary, it must for ever have stamped her character with infamy. This, however, unfortunately, was far from being the case; her life seems to have been as much more stained with evil passions and evil deeds, than that of her unfortunate rival, as her end was more miserable. As a contrast to the death of the Queen of Scots, (as it has here been related,) I shall give the account of that of Elizabeth as described in Miss AIKIN's *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth.*

"When I came to the court (says Robert Cary, the kinsman of Elizabeth,) I found the Queen ill-disposed, and she kept her inner lodging; yet she hearing of my arrival, sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing chambers, seated low upon her cushions. She called me to her; I kissed her hand, and told her that it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and in health. She took me by the hand and wrung it hard, and said, No, Robin, I am not well; and then discoursed with me on her indisposition; and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days; and in her discourse she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved at the heart to see her in this plight; for in all my life-time I never knew her fetch a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded. I used the best words that I could to persuade her from this melancholy humour, but I found by her that it was too deep rooted in the heart, and hardly to be removed." * * * "From that day forward she became worse and worse. She remained upon her cushions four days and nights at least. All about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance or go to bed." * * * "On Wednesday, 23d March, she grew speechless. That afternoon by signs she called for her council; and by putting her hand to her head when the King of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her. About six at night she made signs for the archbishop and her chaplains to come to her; at which time I came in with them, and sat upon my knees full of tears to see that heavy sight. Her Majesty lay upon her back with one hand in the bed and the other without. The bishop kneeled down by her, and examined her first of her faith; and she so punctually answered all his questions by lifting up her eyes and holding up her hands, as it was a comfort to all beholders. After he had continued long in prayer till the old man's knees were weary, he blessed her and meant to rise and leave her. The Queen made signs with her hand. My sister Scrope,

knowing her meaning, told the bishop the Queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half hour after, and then though to leave her. The second time she made signs to him to continue in prayer. He did so for half an hour more; with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit, as the Queen to all our sight much rejoiced at, and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but the women that attended her. Between one and two o'clock, on Thursday morning, he that I left in the Cofferer's chamber, brought me word that the Queen was dead."

One of her physicians writes, "It was after labouring under a morbid melancholy for nearly three weeks, which brought on stupor not unmixed with some indications of a disordered fancy, that the Queen expired. During all this time, she could neither by reasoning, entreaties, or artifices, be brought to make trial of any medical aid, and with difficulty was persuaded to take sufficient nourishment to sustain nature, taking also very little sleep, and that not in bed but on cushions, where she would sit whole days motionless and sleepless, retaining, however, the vigour of her intellect to her last breath, though deprived for three days before her death of the power of speech."

Another contemporary writes, "No doubt you shall hear Her Majesty's death variously related. She made no will, neither gave any thing away; so that they which come after shall find a well furnished jewel house, and a rich wardrobe of more than two thousand gowns, with all things else answerable."

Such was the miserable end of the merciless persecutor of Mary, Queen of Scots; what share the recollection of her conduct in that instance had in producing her evident despondency, it is impossible to say; in all probability it had a very considerable one. That she was the sole author of the murder of Queen Mary, no one can doubt, though she did not scruple to sacrifice an innocent person, and faithful subject and servant, for the purpose of convincing the world that she did not wish for her death. Such artifices deceive no one but their authors.

If an instance of the worse than vanity of human greatness, and

the pernicious tendency of unvaried prosperity were wanted, it would be difficult to find a stronger than this of Queen Elizabeth. The ceremonial of her court (we are told) rivalled the servility of the east; no person of whatever rank ventured to address her otherwise than kneeling: and this attitude was preserved by all her ministers during their audiences of business. In passing along the state-rooms, wherever she turned her eyes, the spectators threw themselves upon their knees; so that a stranger must have been ready to cry out, "*Is not this a Goddess?*" In public she was ever most richly adorned with the most costly clothes, set off with much gold and many jewels of inestimable value, and wearing very high shoes that she might appear taller than she was. Her table was most magnificently served with many side-boards of valuable plate, many of the first nobility waiting on her at table.

On reading, and reflecting on, the very different lives and deaths of these two rival Queens, one can scarcely avoid crying out, "Remember, Elizabeth, that thou in *thy life time* receivedst thy good things, and likewise Mary evil things: but now, at the hour of death, she is comforted and thou art tormented." If the occurrences of life are in reality only important so far as they affect our state when we come to die, which is certainly the fact; then had Mary much more cause to be thankful for her afflictions, than Elizabeth had to rejoice at her prosperity.

The following are a few letters written by the Queen of Scots while in captivity at Sheffield. It is evident that she avoids opening her heart, or even entering at all freely on the circumstances that most intimately occupied her attention. They are from HUNTER'S *Hallamshire*.

*Mary, Queen of Scots, to M. d'Humieres.** 1576.

MONSIEUR D'HUMIERES,—Despuis la mort du feu roy, Monsigneur, votre bon maystre, ie n'ay jamays peu auuoir inteligence de vottre estast, que despuis peu de temps, eusa que Rallay mena

* In a volume entitled, *Memoires du Regne du Roy Henry III.* No. 8715, fo. 76, of MSS. in the Royal Library at Paris.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"*Time* is continually employed in slowly removing the obstacles which *Prejudice* has interposed to prevent the perception of *Truth.*" *Common Sense.*

In the Review by JOHNSON, in 1760, of TYTLER's *Enquiry into the Evidence which has been produced against Mary, Queen of Scots*, he says, "It has now been fashionable for half a century to defame and vilify the house of Stuart, and to exalt and magnify the reign of Elizabeth. The Stuarts have found few apologists; for the dead cannot pay for praise, and who will, without reward, oppose the tide of popularity? Yet there still remains among us, not wholly extinguished, a zeal for truth, and a desire for establishing right, in opposition to fashion."

"Since JOHNSON thus wrote, many and great changes," says Mr. CHALMERS, in his *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots*, lately published, "have taken place in respect to all these topics. In private investigation, in public opinion, in the fortune of families, in the fame of sovereigns, much alteration has occurred. The

house of Stuart has fallen for ever; the conduct of Elizabeth has been more minutely examined; while the policy of her reign has been more precisely investigated. The more the evidence which artifice produced, and ambition propagated against the Scottish Queen, has been examined by criticism, as well as by candour, the more has her conduct been cleared, her innocence established, and her misfortunes pitied. Much does her increasing fame owe to the *Examination* of GOODALL; much to the *Enquiries* of TYTLER, but much more to the arguments and eloquence of WHITAKER in his *Vindication:*" and I may add much more still, to the clear statements, and stubborn facts, of GEORGE CHALMERS, Esq. F.R.S. R.A., in his *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots.** " Truth may be concealed for a time, but cannot be exploded, by whatever artifice."

Having made these few preliminary remarks, I will now proceed to sketch a slight outline of the *Life of Mary, Queen of Scots.*

The two rival Roses were united in the marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York. Of this marriage were born Henry VIII. and the Lady Margaret. Henry VIII. left three legitimate children, Edward the VI., who succeeded him, Mary, who next reigned, and Elizabeth her successor on the throne. Mary, Queen of Scots, was grandaughter to the Lady Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., who married James IV. of Scotland, and she was daughter to his son and successor, James V. She was therefore clearly, during the reign of Elizabeth, the presumptive heir to the English throne. James V.

* The facts and quotations in this Work, not acknowledged, are from this source, in which they are fully stated and clearly established.

was twice married: first to Magdalene of France, daughter of Francis I. She being of a weak and sickly frame, only survived her arrival in Scotland forty days. He next married Mary of Guise, the widowed Duchess of Longueville, the daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise. James, who was a most debauched and profligate character, only survived his second marriage four years and a half; he then died of premature old age, and disappointed ambition. He had three children by his second marriage, viz. James and Arthur, who both died before him, and Mary the subject of these memoirs, who was born on the 7th of December, 1542. The mother of Mary, Queen of Scots, was a woman of a masculine spirit, a strong understanding, and enlightened mind. To her, Mary was indebted for the foundation of a very excellent education.

The infant Mary, Queen of Scots, was scarcely a month old, before she was sought for, in his rough way, by Henry VIII., as a wife for his son, afterwards Edward VI. The proposal was so acceptable to almost all parties, that it was soon agreed upon and ratified; the Earl of Huntly, who was then a prisoner in England, only observing, "I mislike not so much the match, as the way of wooing." Henry, however, does not appear to have remained much longer satisfied with his son's affianced infant wife, than with any of his own Queens: for he violated the treaty, almost as soon as it was concluded, by seizing a number of Scottish ships without any reasonable pretext.

This conduct of Henry's, and the subsequent vile, and almost, savage war, led to the acceptance by the Scottish government of the proposal of the French ambassador, for a renewal of the ancient alliance with France. This was followed by the affiancing of the young Queen of Scots with the Dauphin,

and the removal of the former, then about six years of age, to be educated in France. She was accompanied by four young ladies, nearly of her own age, all Marys, who had been her play-fellows: they remained with her during the whole of her continuance in France, and returned with her, when a widow, to their native land. The King of France received her with all the attention which her rank and circumstances demanded, and resolved to educate her in a manner likely to form a daughter worthy to share the throne of his kingdom with his son. This intention was allowed on all hands to have been fully accomplished. Her most inveterate enemies have admitted her to have been eminently distinguished by every feminine grace, and by many other accomplishments, rarely possessed in the same degree in those times by females. Her person dignified, graceful, and lovely, her temper amiable, and her mind well informed, perhaps no female ever ascended a throne, at sixteen years of age, so qualified to engage all hearts in her favour, or so warranted by circumstances to look forward, with confident hope, to a life of more of earthly felicity than commonly falls to the lot of mortals in any station; yet no human being that ever existed, has afforded a stronger instance of the futility of all worldly promises than that of Mary, Queen of Scots. Her whole life, from the cradle to the grave, exhibits a moral lesson more intensely interesting, and more powerfully impressive, than perhaps any other which the annals even of thrones have produced.

The Queen of Scots was married to Francis, the Dauphin of France, in the Church of Notre-Dame, on Sunday, the 24th of April, 1558. During the absence of the infant Queen from Scotland, her mother was appointed Queen Regent of that kingdom, then distracted by both civil and religious contentions in no common degree.

The Reformation there had then produced few besides lamentable effects. The conduct of its promoters in Scotland appears to have been as directly opposite to that of Him whom they professed to consider as their Divine Master, as can well be conceived. Rude, boisterous, overbearing, treacherous, murderous, they considered all measures lawful which they judged to be expedient. Perpetually harassed by these men at home, and by the unjust interference of the deceptious Queen of England and her intriguing minister Cecil, the Queen Regent died in the Castle of Edinburgh about the end of the year 1559. She died worn out by cares and infirmities, declaring with her last breath, that she forgave all who had either opposed her government, or insulted her person. A specimen of the different sentiments and language of those whom she thus forgave, may be gathered from the observations of KNOX upon this occasion, in the history which he wrote and published: "Shortly after, she (the Queen Regent) finished her unhappy life,—unhappy, we say, to Scotland from the first hour that she entered into it, unto the day that she departed this life. God, for his great mercy's sake, rid us from the rest of the Guisian blood! Amen!" On the 10th July, 1559, died Henry II. of France. He was succeeded by the Dauphin, Francis II., the husband of the Queen of Scots, he being then little more than fifteen years of age. On Dec. 5, 1560, *he* likewise died.

What an eventful page has this been to poor Mary, now only *eighteen* years of age. It is almost impossible to proceed without stopping to reflect and moralize on such a concatenation of rapidly passing important events occurring to one so young. I must, however, go on.

The peace of Chateau Cambresis, in 1559, left the Scotch more leisure and opportunity to engage themselves in civil broils,

Elizabeth being bound not to mingle with their concerns whether political or religious. This opportunity the Scottish Insurgents and Reformers did not neglect. Perth was taken possession of by them; the Abbey of Scone, with the religious houses of Stirling, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh, they consumed with unhallowed fires. The Queen Regent, then fettered and perplexed, became timid, vacillating, and indecisive, while her opponents, daring and ferocious, bound by no ties but expediency, neglected not to profit by her growing weakness.

The Queen of England, regarding as little as the Reformers any treaties which stood in the way of her wishes or her interest, was neither reluctant nor tardy in lending them her aid; her conscientious and pious Secretary, Cecil, declaring, that "If the Queen will not comply, (with the demands of her rebellious subjects,) then is it apparent, God Almighty is pleased to transfer from her the rule of the kingdom for the weal of all." This was a most convenient conclusion for the "good and loving cousin" of Queen Mary to come to. A war of words, as well as of swords, was waged between the contending parties: in the former the Queen Regent had the advantage, but it stood her in little stead, *might* in that, as in most similar instances, overcoming *right*. In this distracted state was the kingdom on the death of the Queen Regent.

Elizabeth now sent a squadron, under the command of Admiral Winter, who cast anchor before Leith in January, 1559-60, under pretext of searching for pirates. The real object few could doubt. She also put her army in motion northward from Berwick in April, and this without reasonable pretext, in the face of a very recently ratified treaty. She likewise now succeeded in procuring, by very unjustifiable means, from self-appointed Scotch negociators, what was called

the "*Peace of Edinburgh*," in which it was stipulated, without the concurrence of the Queen of Scots, that she (Mary) should abstain "*in all times coming*" from using and bearing the arms and title of the kingdoms of England and Ireland. If Mary had ratified this, she would have been relinquishing her undoubted right to the thrones of those kingdoms on the demise of Elizabeth without issue. This, however, she never would consent to do, and the treaty consequently never was ratified.

The Duke de Chatelherault, a weak prince, was the heir presumptive to the throne of Scotland; during the Queen's absence he ought to have been governor of the kingdom; that office, however, was usurped and possessed by Lord James, a bastard son of the Queen's father, James V. Under his authority, a sort of parliament was assembled, by which the established religion was abolished, and the *confession of faith*, then professed, established. Commissioners were sent by them to Paris to solicit the Queen's ratification of the act; this, however, as might have been, and was, foreseen, she refused doing. The proceedings of this conventional parliament were never acknowledged as legal by the Queen, nor ever printed.

After the death of Francis II., the Queen Mother not liking so formidable a rival, behaved in such a manner to her daughter-in-law, as to compel the Queen of Scots to retire, in the first place to Rheims, to her aunt the Abbess, and afterwards to resolve on returning to her native country and throne.

The Lord James came over to France to invite the Queen back to Scotland. This nobleman had a double and difficult game to play. He had long been acting in the interest of Elizabeth, while he had views in Scotland, and favours to

obtain from Mary, which rendered it necessary to deceive her. His task unhappily was but too easy for a villain to perform. Among all Mary's good qualities, that of a deep penetration into the human heart, was not one. She was neither suspicious, irritable, nor implacable. A too confiding trust in the specious pretences of deceivers was one of her most fatal errors.

After obtaining from Mary a promise of the earldom of Murray, Lord James returned to Scotland *through London*, and it is said, secretly recommended to Cecil to way-lay and secure the person of the Queen of Scots on her voyage to Scotland. Randolph and other emissaries of Elizabeth were in the mean time very busy fomenting discontent, and endeavouring to form associations against the young Queen.

With a heavy foreboding heart the Queen of Scots left the coast of France. The prospect before her was gloomy in the extreme. She took with her the four faithful Marys, otherwise she seems not to have beheld one single cheering ray beaming from the dreary coast of her native land, to guide or welcome her return. The natural director and the protectress of her infancy had sunk under the struggle (though much more equal to it than herself,) which she knew that she was destined to encounter. Well might she look back upon the receding coast of France, and cry "*Farewell, farewell for ever, France, farewell!*"

The fleet of Elizabeth (she having basely refused the Scottish Queen a safe-conduct,) was on the sharp look-out in the channel. Mary escaped it, however, and arrived in safety at Leith, on the 19th August, 1561. Some of her ships, containing her stud and other things, were taken by the

English fleet, and detained for some time, though afterwards restored.

Her reception at her native court was as cold and as cheerless as she could have anticipated. So little preparation had been made to receive her, that even Holyrood House was not in a state to accommodate her. She, however, received every one graciously, and accommodated herself, with a good grace, to her situation, appalling as it was.

The subject of religion, under the circumstances in which Mary returned to ascend in person the throne of Scotland, would be, in all respects, of the most importance. To her it certainly appeared of a higher nature than merely a political engine. However yielding Mary may have been in other respects, on the score of religion she was, even then, and remained so through life, firm and sincere. No worldly views or advantages, no promises, no persuasions, no threatenings, no sufferings, could ever induce her for a moment to forsake the religion which she venerated, and which was the religion of her country and of her forefathers. This, in such a character, and in such circumstances, is a most remarkable trait, and should, in considering her life, never be lost sight of, because much of the seeming errors of her conduct may be explained by it, consistent with her perfect innocence. So far, however, was she from being a bigotted intolerant persecutor, that when she was convinced that such a choice of ministers of state would be for the peace of the kingdom, she without hesitation appointed those of the *reformed religion* to the offices of most power and trust. Her domestic servants she, of course, chose to have of the Roman Catholic persuasion. Had those officers of state been honest men, the kingdom might have been governed in prosperity and peace, in spite of the treache-

nous machinations of Elizabeth and Cecil. They were not wanting in abilities; but honourable integrity and fidelity poor Mary never found in any one man of her own country in whom she placed confidence. Her natural brother, the Lord James, she appointed her *minion* or prime minister. He was a man of great talents and ambition, and a strenuous supporter of the cause of the reformation. He had long courted the favour of the Queen of England and her minister Cecil, at the expense of the honour, the peace, and the prosperity of his own country. To this man the Queen of Scots, too confidently, intrusted the government of her kingdom. His object, it clearly appears, was, from the first, to obtain the *Regency of of the kingdom* for himself. This will fully explain his otherwise inexplicable conduct.

Next to the ambitious treachery of her prime minister, and the determined hatred and opposition of the Reformers in harassing and perplexing the young Queen in the government of her kingdom, was the jealous hatred and unprincipled duplicity of Elizabeth. With a presumption and malignity, never at rest, she was perpetually intermeddling, either directly or indirectly, with the concerns of a Queen and a kingdom, as independent as herself and her own.

To assist her in combating and overcoming all these, her difficulties, the Queen of Scots, on her newly acquired and tottering throne, had not one sincere friend, one honest man, one disinterested adviser (possessed of power and influence) to counsel and support her. Malignity was at work on every hand to misrepresent her motives, her words, and her actions. She was reviled, insulted, and persecuted, both by her religious and political opponents. Even on public occasions, wretches were officially employed to insult her in the open streets; and

Knox, the professed disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus, who prayed in his history to be rid of her blood, not only dared to speak evil of dignities in the presence of his Sovereign, but so to insult her as to make her weep, while she reproved him with a degree of gentleness that ought to have smote the zealous barbarian to the heart. What could be expected under such circumstances from a widowed Queen scarcely *eighteen* years of age? Let any one look at a sister, or a daughter, of those years, and think what *she* could have done so situated, and then let him answer the question. It was even attempted to restrain her in the *private* exercise of devotion; nay, the envoy from her good cousin (Randolph) dared to suggest doubts "whether it was not *unlawful* to obey her in all civil actions, she being an *Idolater*." Reports, too, were very prevalent of intentions and plots to carry her off.

So perplexed and distracted was the young Queen at length by these annoyances, and so little did she dive into the treacherous callous heart of her good cousin, that she allowed herself to indulge the vain expectation of reaping advantage from a personal interview with the Queen of England, and consulted her privy council on the subject. Nothing could shew more clearly both her short-sightedness into vile human nature and the trouble and perplexity in which she was then involved.

The Lord James now succeeded in attaining the first step towards his ambitious object, that of the earldom of Murray. As this could only be effected by the ruin of Huntley, the second nobleman in Scotland, the Queen was innocently and unsuspectingly made, by the too successful acts of her unprincipled minion, the instrument of the most cruel and unjust proceedings.

The intriguing Queen of England, aware that the Queen of Scots could not long remain under her present embarrassments without seeking that assistance, in her arduous labours, which she might hope for from a husband, set her fertile wits to work to provide one for her. The probability of Mary's taking such a step, might appear strengthened, by the alarming circumstance of the privacy of her bed-room having been twice invaded by a wretch (Chatelard,) who paid the forfeit of his life for his temerity.

It is almost diverting to conceive the self-interested, officious Elizabeth, anxiously employing herself in providing a proper and suitable match for her dearly beloved cousin Mary. Mary herself must have secretly laughed at it, especially as the gentlemen were offered to her as suitors without their own consent. Elizabeth's busy agent (Randolph) was intrusted with this important negociation. It may easily be conjectured what were Elizabeth's real motives. If the Queen of Scots were to marry, it was of the utmost importance to Elizabeth's plans, that it should be a man whom she believed she could influence. With this view she at length proposed a lover of her own, the Earl of Leicester. The Queen of Scots, however, in this instance, chose to select a husband for herself. In doing so she proved that her choice was not the effect of female levity, or girlish love. The man whom she selected, *she had never seen*. Of all those whom she had seen (she had then seen Bothwell,) not one appeared such as to afford a prospect of connubial happiness.

The young Lord Darnley, on whom the choice of Mary fell, she had every reason to believe would be as acceptable to all parties as any man in those times could be. He was cousin to both the Queens, and his accomplishments were in general

well spoken of. Mary's good sister Elizabeth thought proper to make herself as busy upon the occasion as if the former had been her daughter and dependent upon her, in the end strenuously opposing the intended match, with the assistance of her envoy, and of Murray, who were as averse to it as herself. Mary, however, persevered, though the Reformers, with the nobles who were favourers of their cause, endeavoured by force of arms to prevent her from proceeding in her design. She was married to Darnley, on Sunday, July 29, 1565.

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Murray had conceived that Mary's marriage would give the death-wound to his ambitious prospects, and finding that all his covert opposition was of no avail, he determined to prevent it, if possible, by other means. Regardless of the obligations under which he lay to the Queen, he joined and headed the rebels in an attempt to take her prisoner, if not to take her life. This treacherous design she narrowly escaped.

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After Mary's marriage, the rebel insurgents (though assisted, as usual, by Mary's good sister Elizabeth,) were compelled to relinquish their treasonable attempts. Knox, even in the presence of Royalty itself, declaimed from the pulpit against the government of *women and boys*. Darnley was four years younger than the Queen. Murray sought refuge in England, but though Elizabeth had no objection to annoy her good sister, she did not think it prudent openly to encourage *rebels*. She therefore compelled the haughty Murray, on his knees, before the French and Spanish Ambassadors, to declare (what was notoriously false) that *she* had had nothing to do in the business. Murray then thought it advisable to retrace his steps to the border counties, and endeavour, in the best way he could, to make his peace at home. He had found Elizabeth as much above a match for *him* in hypocrisy, as he

was in that way too much for *his own Queen*. Great interest was made from many quarters to obtain the pardon of the rebel Murray. Darnley was soon won to his purpose, by obtaining the promise of his influence, when re-instated, to have the crown-matrimonial secured to him for life. The crying sin of Mary was not that of implacability. Perhaps, too, she might miss the abilities of a man as prime minister, in whom she had been accustomed (however improperly) to confide. She was not long, then, before she was induced to re-admit the treacherous Murray to her councils, though not to his office of minion.

Whatever partiality Mary might feel for Darnley, she had soon cause to perceive that she had been too precipitate in her resolves. A little more deliberation would have let her into the nature of his disposition, temper, habits, and abilities. He had not depth to conceal it long. Weak in intellect, and spoiled by prosperity and indulgence, he was self-opinionated, hasty, suspicious, and overbearing. His sudden elevation turned his head, and he behaved at times as if beside himself. Like all weak men, he was continually receiving, or imagining, affronts; with the waywardness of a child, he possessed the rudeness of the savage. Of a temper close and surly, he created no friends, but made many enemies. To all her other troubles poor Mary soon found that she had, by her marriage, inflicted upon herself a heavier grief than all the rest. She was not only unable to make a friend of her husband, but while he was with her, she could associate with no other, with comfort or safety, to any party. Her domestic circle became contentious or cheerless, and by degrees the King and Queen were nearly estranged from each other.

It is now necessary to mention four personages, who are to

act important parts in the remaining scene of the drama, viz. Rizzio, Bothwell, Morton, and Maitland, or Lethington.

Rizzio was, by birth, a Piedmontese. He had been well educated, and came to Edinburgh in the suite of the Ambassador of Savoy, in 1561. He was taken into the Queen's service as valet and occasional singer. He was afterwards appointed her private secretary for the French language. In this situation he was assiduous and faithful. He was likewise very attentive and serviceable to Darnley, promoting as much as he could his marriage with the Queen. By this, and by his adherence to the Roman Catholic religion, he rendered himself exceedingly obnoxious to Murray, Knox, and their party. He, however, continued faithfully attached both to the King and Queen, till he was murdered in the presence of them both, certainly with the connivance of the former.

James, Earl Bothwell, was among the first of the Scottish nobles in rank. He was about twelve years older than the Queen. He was a man of considerable abilities, ambitious, and with a turn for business. He was, however, profligate in his principles and conduct. He had been employed by the Queen Regent on several important occasions. Before the return of Mary from France, he was appointed one of the commissioners for governing the kingdom in her absence. He was one of the nobles who approved of the Queen's marriage with Darnley, and was thus strongly opposed to Murray and his party.

In 1562, the then Lord James having acquired the almost unbounded confidence of his half-sister and Queen, and obtained from her the earldom of Murray by the ruin of the Chancellor Huntley, immediately transferred the seals to his

companion and bosom friend, the Earl of Morton, thereby securing a very considerable degree of additional power and influence in the state to himself. Morton was a man apparently neither desirous of being, nor qualified to be, more than a satellite, and had therefore attached himself to Murray as his primary planet.

Secretary Maitland was the son of Sir Richard Maitland, of Lethington, by which name he is frequently called. He was Secretary of State to the Queen Regent, and was a man of undoubted abilities. His principles neither political nor religious were by any means fixed, but seem to have fluctuated as interest or circumstances influenced. He endeavoured to serve, or to appear to serve, two masters, so that he might be ready to hold eventually by the one whose interest should preponderate. He was deprived of his office for some time by Mary, who clearly perceived his treachery, but he was, notwithstanding, soon after re-instated. He was more trusted by Elizabeth and Cecil than any of the other treacherous ministers of the ill-served Queen of Scots.

With such a husband, such a prime minister, such a chancellor, such a secretary of state, and such a good cousin as Elizabeth, Mary must have been something more than human to have escaped unsullied and uninjured, surrounded as she was on every hand by the most inveterate enemies of herself and her religion.

We have now to relate one of the foulest transactions that the pages of history have ever recorded. This cannot be done more clearly than in the words of the Queen herself in her letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, then her Ambassador at

Paris, especially as the account which she there gives is not controverted in any material point by any of her historians.

" Upon the 9th day of March, we being at even, about seven hours, in our cabinet, at our supper, sociated with our sister, the Countess of Argyle, our brother, the commendator of Holyrood House, the lard of Creich (Beaton,) Arthur Erskin, and certain others our domestic servitors, in quiet manner, especially by reason of our evil disposition (illness) being counselled to sustain ourselves with flesh, having then passed almost to the end of seven months in our birth, the King, our husband, come to us, in our cabinet, and placed himself beside us, at our supper. The Earl of Morton, and Lord Lindsay, with their assisters, boden in warlike manner (properly *armed*) to the number of eighteen persons, occupied the whole entry of our palace of Holyrood House, so that, as they believed, it was not passable for any person, to escape forth of the same. In that mean time, the Lord Ruthven, boden in like manner (equally armed,) with his complices, took entry perforce, in our cabinet; and there seeing our secretary David Riccio, * among others our servants, declared he had to speak with him. In this instant, we required the King, our husband, if he knew any thing of that enterprize, who denied the same: Also, we commanded the Lord Ruthven, under the pain of treason, to avoid him forth of our presence, (he (Riccio) then for refuge took safeguard, having retired him behind our back,) but Ruthven, with his complices, cast down our table upon ourself, put violent hands on him, struck him over our shoulder with whinyards (hangers,) one part of them standing before our face, with bended dags (cocked pistols,) most cruelly took him out of our cabinet, and at the entry of our chamber, gave him fifty-six strokes with whinyards, and swords. In doing whereof, we were not only struck with great dread, but also by sundrie considerations was most justly induced to take extreme fear of our life. After this deed, immediately, the said Lord Ruthven, coming again into our presence, declared how they, and their complices, were highly offended with our proceedings and tyranny, which was not to them tolerable; how we were abused,

* This is the proper spelling of the name.

by the said David, whom they had actually put to death, namely, in taking his counsel, for maintenance of the ancient religion; debaring of the lords, who were fugitives, and entertaining of amity with foreign princes and nations, with whom we were confederate; putting also upon council, the lords Bothwell and Huntley, who were traitors, and with whom he (Riccio) associated himself."

After this scene of horror, the Queen fled *with her husband* to Dunbar Castle, where they were joined by many of the loyal nobility, with their followers, so as to enable them to return with some assurance of safety, in about five days, to Edinburgh. Morton, Ruthven, Maitland, Lindsay, Knox, and others, fled to different places to avoid, for the present, the arm of the law. They knew Mary's forgiving temper too well not to hope eventually for pardon. In fact (with two exceptions of mean persons, Scot and Yair,) the conspirators were soon re-admitted to their forfeited stations; Maitland being the last to whom the Queen's lenity was extended.

The time of the Queen's delivery now drawing near, she retired for peace and safety into the Castle of Edinburgh, to await there the event of her accouchement. The expectation of the murderers and disaffected, of a miscarriage, or a monster, were disappointed; the Queen was safely delivered of a fine male child on the 19th June, 1565. The news of this unexpected event happened to reach the ears of Mary's good cousin Elizabeth, when she was in high spirits, dancing, after supper, at Greenwich. She was so unprepared for it, that it spoiled her mirth and her dancing for the night. Before morning, however, the *Queen* had conquered the *woman*, and she was so *rejoiced* to hear of the event, that she informed Melvill, that the news which he had brought her had recovered her from a fit of sickness which she had had for fifteen days.

The King and Queen continued to live in the same uncomfortable manner, his wayward humours precluding the possibility of residing with him with any satisfaction: indeed he almost entirely absented himself from the Queen's society. His behaviour to the nobility was so offensive as to become unbearable, and they avoided his company as much as he did theirs.

In 1566, he proceeded so far as to write to the Pope and other Catholic potentates, complaining that the Queen was *neglecting* the interest of the Catholics. Copies of these letters came to the Queen's hands, which tended not a little to estrange them from each other. He went so far as to make preparations for leaving the kingdom, yet he did the Queen the justice publicly to declare before the privy council, that *she* had given him no cause of offence.

During a tour which the Queen made the same year to Berwick and other places, while at Craigmillar, on the 2d December, a formal proposition was made to her by Murray, Argyle, Huntley, Maitland, and many others, to consent to a *divorce* between herself and Darnley. Though this proposition was backed with all their eloquence, particularly by *Bothwell*, she gave a most strong and decided denial. On the 5th of the same month, she returned to Edinburgh, and remained there till the 11th, when she went to Stirling to prepare for the baptism of her son, which took place on the 17th of the same month, Darnley, though there, refusing, with his usual obstinacy and waywardness, to be present at the ceremony. On the 24th, he left the castle abruptly without even taking leave of the Queen, and went to visit his father at Glasgow. On the 14th January, the Queen arrived at Edinburgh with her infant son.

Darnley, on his arrival at Glasgow, was seized with the small pox. Mary, on hearing of it, sent her own physician to him, but having the charge of the infant, did not herself visit him till about the 25th, when he was recovering. She brought her husband in a chariot, and arrived at Edinburgh on the 31st. By order of the physician, a house belonging to the provost, in a place called the Kirk-o-Field, had been prepared for him as a convalescent patient. Here the Queen frequently visited him, and sometimes slept in the house, they having effected a reconciliation before her going to him at Glasgow. She spent the evening of the 9th February with him till eleven o'clock, but having engaged to attend the marriage of two of her domestics, she then left him, kissing him, and putting one of her own rings on his finger, as a token of love and reconciliation. At two o'clock, an explosion took place, and the house was blown to pieces. The body of the King and that of his servant Taylor were found in an adjoining garden without any marks of fire or violence upon them.

On the 11th, the Queen wrote the following letter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, then her resident at Paris.

"Maist Rev. Fader in God, and traist counseilor, we grait ye weil: We have receivit, this morning, your letters of the 27th of January, by your servant, Robert Dury, containing in ane part sic advirtisement, as we find, by effect, overtrue, albeit the succes has not altogether been sic, as the authoris of that mischievous fact had preconceivit in their mind, and had put it in execution, gif God, in his mercy, had not preservit us, and reservit us, as we traist, to the end we may tak a rigorous vengeance of that mischievous deed, quhilk, or it sould remain unpunishit, we had rather lose life, and all. The matter is horrible, and sa strange, as we believe the like was never hard of in any country. This night past being the 9th of February, a little after twa houris, after midnight, the house quhairin the King was logit was in ane instant blawin in the air, he lyand

sleipand in his bed, with sic a vehemencie, that of the haill loging, wallis, and other, there is nathing remainit, na, not a stane above another, but all either carreit far away, or dung in dross to the very ground stane. It mon be done be force of powder, and appearis, to have been a myne: Be quhome it has been done, or in quhat manner, it appearis not as yet. We doubt not bot, according to the diligence oure counsal has begun alreddie to use the certaintie of all sal be usit schortlie; and the same being discoverit, quhilk we wott God will never suffer to ly hid, we hope to punish the same with sic rigor, as sal serve, for example, of this crueltie to all ages to cum. Allwayes, quhoever has taken this wicked interprys in hand, we assure ourself it was dressit alswel for us, as for the King; for we lay the maist part of all the last week in that same loging, and was thair accompanyit with the maist part of the lordis, that ar, in this town, that same night, at midnight, and of very chance taryit not all night, be reason of sum mask in the abbaye; but, we believe it was not chance, but God to put it in our hede. We depeschit this berars upon the sudden, and therefor wraitis to you the mair schortlie. The rest of your letter, we sal answer at mair laser, within four or five dayis, by your owne servant. And sua, for the present, committis you to Almightie God. At Edinburgh, the 11th day of Februar, 1566-7."

The Queen removed from Holyrood House to the Castle, and, shutting herself up in a dark room, remained till the state of her health rendered it necessary, both on her own account and that of her child, to insist on her removing. By the desire of the privy council she retired into the country, on the 16th February, to Lord Seaton's. On the 10th March she returned to Edinburgh, and on the 19th the young prince was delivered to the Earl of Mar and conveyed to Stirling Castle, there to be educated till the age of seventeen. The Queen's government offered high rewards for the discovery of the murderers of the king. Bothwell was placarded as the murderer, and even underwent a kind of mock trial, and was acquitted.

On the 14th April, the parliament assembled, being opened by the Queen in person. In this parliament an Act was passed by the Queen, giving toleration to all her subjects to worship God in their own way. After the rising of the parliament the most extraordinary measure was resorted to that the annals of folly, impertinence, and absurdity can produce. Bothwell, the almost universally accused murderer of the King, was married a little while before to an amiable and accomplished woman. Yet had Morton, Maitland, and Murray's faction (for Murray himself had, without any apparent reason, retired to France,) contrived to obtain from eight bishops and twice as many peers, a declaration of Bothwell's innocence, and of his being the *fittest husband* for the Queen, and engaging to defend the proposed marriage with their lives and fortunes. On the 21st of April, the Queen went to visit her son at Stirling, and on her return on the 24th, was seized by Bothwell at the head of eight hundred horsemen, and conveyed with her attendants to his Castle of Dunbar. The Queen was there detained solely and fully in his power for many days. During all this time (as she afterwards complained,) not a sword was unsheathed, nor a man stirred in her defence or for her rescue.

On Bothwell bringing the Queen to the Castle of Edinburgh, his wife and himself both sued for a divorce, which was soon obtained. On the 12th May, the Queen entered the Court of Session, and there made declaration of her good mind towards Bothwell, the murderer of her husband, and the ravisher of herself. On the 14th she entered into a formal contract of marriage with him, having previously created him Duke of Orkney. On the 15th May they were married.

The whole country, as might well be imagined, was thrown into strong agitation by these extraordinary occurrences, the

insurgents raising great clamour: from the effects of these the Queen thought it prudent to take refuge in Dunbar Castle. She was there at length joined by such considerable forces as encouraged her to take the field against the insurgents. The Queen took post on Carberry Hill, and the insurgents, headed by Morton and Athol, drew up in front of the royal army, which was much inferior in numbers. Before engaging, however, an arrangement took place through the intervention of the Laird of Grange, by which Bothwell was allowed to withdraw himself, and the Queen went over to the insurgent army, *on an assurance of their honouring and obeying her as their sovereign.* These promises, however, were immediately violated; the Queen was treated as a captive, and, amidst the most gross and disgusting insults, carried, weeping and covered with dust, through the streets of the metropolis, not to the palace, but to the provost's house; not to sleep, but to be kept awake by the yells of the rabble, and the recollection of her people's profligacy and her own manifold sufferings.

The royal captive now required of her insurgent jailors that their promise of obedience might be fulfilled, and that they would immediately convene the estates of the realm. As well might she have desired an assemblage of wolves to release a lamb which they were going to devour. Instead of complying with this her reasonable request, they sent her off, a declared prisoner, to the Castle of Lochleven, belonging to William Douglas, the half brother of Murray, and the presumptive heir of Morton. Under the charge of Ruthven and Lindsay, she was hurried away, disguised, in the night, under a strong guard. On the 18th June, the insurgents seized all the Queen's jewels and plate, with other moveables, breaking into the royal chapel and pulling down the altar, images, pictures, and ornaments.

I shall not interrupt the course of the narrative to account for the pretended discovery now made of a *box full of love-letters* from the Queen to Bothwell. They will be duly noticed hereafter.

The insurgent nobles now assumed the title of "*The Lords of the Secret Council*," Morton being at their head. The French ambassador was refused admission to the Queen, and consequently returned home. The Assembly of the Church joined the Secret Council in their measures, and issued letters to the principal nobility, informing them "that God at this present has begun to tread down Satan (the Queen) under foot." Mary's good cousin Elizabeth, ever awake to self-interest, now sent Throkmorton to deal with the Secret Council and the Queen, for sending the young prince to be entrusted to *her* maternal care. The Queen he was not permitted to see, and the Secret Council did not think it for *their* interest to comply with the request.

The insurgents now determined, in a conference held on the 23d July, to *compel* the Queen to execute a formal resignation of the crown on the following day; resolving, in case of her refusal, to deprive her of her attendants, and place her in *close* confinement. The final result of such measures, had she braved them, may be easily anticipated. Melvill says, "They resolved to send Lindsay, the greatest ruffian of all those ruffians, first to use their persuasions, and in case he could not succeed by fair means, to make use of *harder terms*." Throkmorton informed Elizabeth, "As far as I can understand, in case of the Queen's refusal of their demands, they mean to proceed with *violence and force*, as well for the coronation of the prince as for the *overthrow of the Queen*."

The "*ruffian*" Lord Lindsay returned from Lochleven Castle on the 25th, with the VOLUNTARY *resignation of the Queen*. On the 29th, the baby King was crowned in the church of Stirling, by the Bishop of Orkney, Lindsay and Ruthven publicly *making oath*, that the Queen did *voluntarily* and *willingly* and *without compulsion* resign her estate to her son, and the government of the realm to such persons as by the several commissions she had named. Every act was now done in the King's name. The liberation of the Queen did not, as might reasonably have been expected, follow this *voluntary* act of abdication.

About the 16th August, Murray being returned from France, *by the way of London*, went with other nobles to visit the Queen in Lochleven Castle. At parting, she said to them, "My Lords, you have had experience of my severity and the end of it; I pray you also let me find that you have learned by me to make an end of yours." Murray left her "assured of nothing but God's mercy." In the morning, however, he promised her *life*, but could not answer for her liberty. On the 22d, Murray was proclaimed Regent. He was now sole ruler in Scotland. On the 11th November, Murray deprived Huntley of the office of Chancellor, in which he re-instated his creature Morton.

The parliament was assembled on the 15th December, for the purpose of legalizing the revolution which had placed the Queen in prison, her son on a *nominal*, and Murray on a *real*, throne. In March, 1568, the Regent made a second visit to the Queen, the *real* object of which scarcely appears, in all probability because, whatever it might be, it failed.

On the 25th March, the Queen, with the assistance of

George Douglas, the younger brother of her gaolor, and half brother to the Regent, attempted an escape in the disguise of a laundress. On the detection of the plan Douglas was banished the Castle. He was not, however, driven from his purpose, but engaged William Douglas, who was an orphan boy, under eighteen years of age, and had been brought up in Lochleven Castle, to contrive, while the family were at supper, on Sunday, May 2, 1568, to steal the keys of the castle, and to let the Queen and her maid, out of the strong hold: this he did, and locking the gates behind them, put the fugitives into a small boat, and rowed them to the appointed landing-place. Her faithful servant John Beton, who had been long busy providing for the Queen's escape, was ready on the shore, with George Douglas, to receive her. Seaton, and Hamilton, of Orbieston, with their followers, were not far off; they mounted the Queen and her attendant, and galloped to Niddery. In the morning they proceeded to Hamilton. The Queen was there soon joined by many nobles with an army of about six thousand strong. This army, which was conducted by Argyle, left Hamilton on the 13th May, 1568, designing to convey the Queen to Dumbarton Castle, but the Regent, acquainted with the intention, intercepted their march, though with inferior numbers. The Queen's army, impatient of delay, begun the attack: after a sharp conflict, they were totally defeated. The Queen fled into Galloway, nor did she stop till she found herself in Dundreinnen Abbey, sixty miles from the field of battle.

Contrary to the advice of her friends, Mary now resolved to trust to the tender mercies of her good cousin Elizabeth, rather than return, as a fugitive, to the Queen Mother in France, or flee to her husband Bothwell. Without a second habit, or a single shilling in her pocket, she was rowed over in a fishing

boat, with sixteen attendants, the gallant Lord Herries being one of them, to Workington, in Cumberland, where she arrived on the 16th May. From thence she removed to Carlisle, where she was at first treated by order of Elizabeth with due respect. It soon, however, became evident, that the *Royal Exile* was in reality considered by her good cousin as her prisoner. Orders in a little while arrived, that she should be removed to Bolton Castle, a seat of the Lord Scroope, in the North-Riding of York. She arrived there on the 16th July.

The long head of Elizabeth was now set to work to devise a plan by which her good cousin might be degraded in the eyes of the world, and thereby a pretext be obtained for that treatment of her, which she could not but be conscious must appear so cruel and unjust as to require one. For this purpose, with the aid of the Regent, means were found to persuade the Queen of Scots to submit her past conduct to the examination of commissioners appointed by each party, viz. Elizabeth, Murray, and Mary. The commission was to sit at York. The result of such an investigation, at which she was neither allowed to be present, nor to peruse papers which were produced as being written by her, (though she denied the fact,) could hardly be expected to be in her favour. Without coming, however, to any conclusion at York, it was resolved to remove the enquiry to Westminster, as being more immediately subject to the control of Elizabeth. New commissioners were sworn to render *impartial justice*, and another new commission was opened at Hampton Court, on the 30th October. Mary now demanded, as she had done before, to be admitted to the presence of Elizabeth, that she might be heard in her own vindication. This, however, was denied to her, and the commissioners proceeded, as before, on the evidence of writings, the authenticity of which the Queen of Scots engaged, if permitted,

to disprove. This she was not allowed to do. No one was examined on her behalf, and, of course, such a conclusion as suited the purposes of Elizabeth was the result.

Elizabeth, supposing that all this pomp of investigation, and the scurrilous unauthorised result, would alarm the Queen of Scots into a compliance with the base end which she, her good sister, had in view, now endeavoured, through the medium of Knollys, to induce her *voluntarily* to relinquish all claim to the throne of Scotland in favour of her son, and to consent to his being brought into England to be educated under the superintendence of herself (Elizabeth.) These modest proposals, Mary received, and treated with merited contempt. "No," she exclaimed; "*the last words which I shall utter, will be those of the* QUEEN OF SCOTS!"

The result of all these disgraceful enquiries was the return of the Regent Murray to Scotland, *with a reward of five thousand pounds* from the declared enemy of his country, and the imprisonment of the Queen of Scots in England for life.

From Bolton Castle Mary was removed to Tutbury, and from thence to Wingfield, and afterwards to Chatsworth. The Duke of Norfolk was one of the commissioners of Elizabeth, against Mary, at York. The arts and deceptions of Murray, Maitland, and others, with the desire, no doubt, of complying with the wishes of his own Queen, seem to have led him to a most unjust condemnation of the Scottish Queen, whom he had never seen. Subsequent reflection, however, and better information, seem to have removed those false impressions so completely, that he not only fell deeply in love with her, but certainly did seek to make her his wife. Very considerable mystery undoubtedly involves the whole proceedings, but it no

where appears that the Queen of Scots encouraged him in any such romantic notions. His conduct, however, was such as to cause him, in the first place, to be for a while imprisoned, and though afterwards released, finally to lose his head by a stretch of tyrannical power which nothing short of despotism would have ventured upon, nor any thing less than base revenge have urged.

On the 22d January, 1569-70, the Regent Murray was shot dead in the streets of Linlithgow, by an injured husband, Hamilton, of Bothwell Haugh, whose wife he had persecuted till he had driven her to distraction. The Queen of Scots, with feelings that did honour to her heart, if not to her worldly wisdom, shed tears on hearing of this violent end of a man who, throughout the whole of her reign, had basely deceived her to her ruin, for the vile purpose of aggrandizing himself. The Earl of Lennox was appointed Regent in the room of Murray, with Morton for his Lieutenant.

At the end of 1570, the Queen of Scots was removed to the Castle of Sheffield, that being, as well as Tutbury and Chatsworth, the property of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to whose custody the Queen was committed. Here and in the neighbourhood the Queen of Scots passed twelve years of her long and unjust captivity. During the early part of it she seems to have been treated by the earl with considerable indulgence. Many causes contributed to abate this, and to produce an increasing degree of severity and restraint. The allowance made to him was very inadequate to the expense and inconvenience, and it was very tardily paid. He himself was in fact a prisoner at a *home* where he was far from being happy. His natural goodness of heart and temper became lessened. He was suspected by his Queen of being too partial to his prisoner, and

and damp, and almost from want, the allowance made by Elisabeth being totally inadequate to the establishment. She complained, too, of not being permitted to distribute alms, as she had been accustomed to do to the poor in the neighbourhood.

Conspiracies of Spain and the Pope against England were now attributed to the Queen of Scots, and it was moved in parliament that "*she ought to be taken off.*" Discourses and writings to this effect, too, were common, and every art resorted to, to prepare the people for such an event. At the close of the year, 1585, she was again removed to Chartley, her health and strength so impaired as to render her unable to turn herself in bed. Sir Amias Paulet was now sent as the Queen's warden, with instructions to introduce new restrictions,—instructions which he did not fail to obey.

A conspiracy was now discovered of Babington with a Jesuit of the name of Balland and others, traitorous and dangerous to the safety of Elizabeth. The Queen of Scots, of course, was supposed to be at the bottom of it. Her secretaries were arrested and examined *privately;* they were kept apart, and, by some means or other, induced to accuse their mistress, whose secrets they had been sworn to keep. She was removed to Tixhall, and her cabinet and private drawers at Chartley searched in the presence of Elizabeth. The Queen of England found many things that tended to disquiet herself, but nothing that could authorise her to take away the life of her hated rival.

On the 30th August, the Queen of Scots was carried back to Chartley. On leaving Tixhall, she said to the poor people assembled to crave her charity, "I have nothing for you, poor

creatures, I am a beggar as well as you; *they have taken all from me.*" On arriving at Chartley, and finding all her papers gone, she exclaimed, "*Well, there are two things which they could not take away, my* ENGLISH BLOOD *and my* CATHOLIC *religion!*"

Great was now the debating in the privy council on what law she should be arraigned, the councillors widely differing (as well they might) in opinion on that subject. In the mean time, the Queen of Scots was removed for the last time, during her life, to Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, on the 25th September, 1586. On the 11th October, commissioners appointed to try the Queen, arrived at Fotheringay, with Burghley at the head of them. She was now tried by judges decidedly prejudiced against her, without any one to defend her cause; for what could be no crime if she could be proved to have committed it, viz. having endeavoured to escape from the fangs of a tyrant who had kept her eighteen years in thraldom, in violation of all laws, human and divine. Of doing *this*, her judges did think it prudent to declare her guilty. For this crime, however, even her good sister Elizabeth dared not venture directly to order her execution. She loved dark and crooked ways, she understood them, and they suited her the best. She first tried to have her privately murdered. Paulet and Drury had gone far to serve her, and she thought that they would stop at nothing. It is not often, however, that Englishmen will murder for hire, and they refused the job.

The next plan was an alarm spread throughout the kingdom, that the Queen of Scots was escaped, and that London was in flames; and precepts of *hue and cry* were issued for taking the fugitive. This, however, failed in causing her destruction.

At length Elizabeth signed the warrant for the execution of her unfortunate captive: but afterwards sent word to her secretary Davison, that it was not to be executed. She was told that it was too late. It was sent down immediately to Fotheringay, by Beal the clerk to the privy council, with a warrant and authority to the Earls of Shrewsbury, Kent, Derby, Cumberland, and others, to see her executed according to law. On the 4th February, they arrived at Fotheringay, and immediately read the warrant to the Queen of Scots, ordering her to prepare for death on the morrow. With a composed spirit, she replied, " I did not think that the Queen, my sister, would have consented to my death, who am not subject to her laws, but seeing that her pleasure is so, death shall be to me most welcome: neither is that soul worthy of the high and everlasting joys above, whose body cannot endure the stroke of the executioner." On the morrow, the executioner, at two strokes, severed her head from the body, thereby putting an end for ever to *her* earthly sufferings, but inflicting a wound on the mind of *her murderous sister*, which tormented her through many a painful year, and greatly embittered the agonies of a procrastinated death.

A relation of the last days of these rival Queens has been already given.

The pages of romance scarcely afford an instance of a life so fruitful of important changes as that of Mary, Queen of Scots. The reader can scarcely imagine that he has here been perusing only the occurrences of one short life of forty-four years. The beneficial lessons which it inculcates, are almost innumerable. The heart and the understanding that can go through with it unmoved, must be hard and dull indeed.

That the Queen of Scots has been most basely calumniated, few impartial persons who have examined and judged for themselves, now, I believe, doubt. Still much difference of opinion exists as to the measure of her deserts, and of the injustice done to her character. In the following *Dissertation* I shall endeavour to produce such reasons for believing her innocent of the *gross* crimes which have been attributed to her, as an attentive perusal of facts, and an impartial consideration of circumstances, have suggested to my mind.

Dissertation on the Life

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

DISSERTATION ON THE LIFE

OF

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

"The cause which I knew not, I searched out." Job, xix. 16.

THE three great crimes which have been laid to the charge of the Queen of Scots, are, 1st. An illicit intercourse with Rizzio; 2d. A participation in the murder of her husband Darnley; and, 3rd. The marrying with the man who was the principal agent in the murder. These serious charges shall be considered in turn, with several other minor crimes and errors of which she has been accused.

The most remarkable trait in the character of Mary, appears to me to have been a strong sense of the importance of *religion*, shewing itself in very early life, and continuing unimpaired to the end of it. *That* religion, though she was a Roman Catholic and a Queen, does not appear to have been attended with either bigotry or a persecuting spirit. On the

contrary, she was, even without making allowance for her situation and the circumstances of the times, tolerant and mild. That this arose not from timidity is evident, because, under no threats, danger, or sufferings, could she be prevailed upon to alter the religion of the state, or to relinquish the exercise of that species of devotion, which education, conscience, and perhaps prejudice, taught her to regard as essential to her own salvation. She bore the persecutions of the rude reformers of her own subjects with singular calmness and magnanimity, and she answered their coarse arguments, both verbally and in writing, with great collectedness and force;—so much so, that Keith observes, that Knox himself admitted that the Queen's papers gained the most credit. These are very extraordinary circumstances in so young a woman so circumstanced.

The Queen was then only *eighteen years of age.* She had been sent from her only surviving parent when only six years old; she had been educated in one of the most bigotted countries in Europe, and was exalted to the throne of one of the most dissolute courts in the world, with a husband much younger, and less capable of ruling, than herself, when she was only sixteen. These facts are undeniable, and I wish them to be particularly—strongly impressed upon the reader, as being of importance to be kept in mind in judging of Mary's subsequent conduct. Whenever she was left to act for herself, unrestrained by force or fraud, and her actions are viewed without prejudice, and represented without falsehood or detraction, her conduct appears to bear the marks of wisdom, goodness of heart, and piety; this would teach us to examine with suspicion such relations of her behaviour as are made by men of notoriously vile character, and strongly if not furiously opposed to her both as a Queen and a Catholic.

It is a circumstance which pleads powerfully in her favour, that she was beloved by her domestics. She never appears to have descended from the dignity of a sovereign, and yet she had the rare felicity of being served at home with affection.

There is to me something almost romantically affecting in the circumstance of her leaving home and her own country at six years of age, accompanied by four of her young play-fellows, all Marys, not perhaps older than herself;—all continuing with her through the happy years of youth, companions of her amusements and her studies, and all waiting on her, at *sixteen* years of age, the loveliest, youngest Queen, on the gayest throne in the world, with unabated affection;—all mourning with her when a disconsolate widow, descending at *eighteen* from that gay throne, and leaving the happy scenes of youth, to encounter together the storms and tempests of a rude court, and a country torn and distracted by wild contentions of unfeeling and designing men. None of these her early companions ever forsook her, though some of them married. Such a Queen could scarcely have been a bad woman. History, I think, does not furnish a stronger instance of innate goodness of heart!

Mr. Chalmers says, "The young Queen arrived at Brest, on the 18th August, 1548. She was now sent, when she was not quite six, to a monastery which was appropriated to the education of the noblest virgins of France. Here she was educated at a distance from court, not only in the accomplishments of her sex, but in those classical studies that are appropriated to boys; so that when she was not more than twelve years old, she is said to have been so well acquainted with Latin, Italian, and French, that she made verses in all these

For now is worst, now best again,
The most sequestrate solitary scene.

VII.

Whether I shelter in the grove,
Or in the open meadow rove;
Whether the morn is dawning day,
Or evening shoots its level ray;
My heart's incessant feelings prove
My heavy mourning for my absent love.

VIII.

If at a time towards the skies,
I cast my sorrow-dropping eyes,
I see his eyes sweet-glancing play
Amongst the clouds in every ray,
Then in the cloud's dark water view,
His hearse display'd in sorrow's sable hue.

IX.

If to repose my limbs apply,
And slumbering on my couch I lie;
I hear his voice to me rejoin,
I feel his body touching mine;
Engaged at work, to rest applied,
I have him still for ever at my side.

X.

No other object meets my sight
However fair it seems or bright,
To which my heart will e'er consent
To yield itself in fond content,
And robb'd of the perfection be
Of this impassion'd mournful sympathy.

XI.

But here, my song, do thou refrain
From my most melancholy strain,
Of which shall *this* the burden prove;
" My honest heart-full lively love,
" Howe'er I am, by death disjoin'd,
" Shall never, never diminution find."

" These lines," says the translator of them, " have apparently very considerable merit, in the ideas, the imaginations, and the very genius of elegiac poetry: every reader of taste must admire them, for the mournfulness, as well as fancy, that runs through them. To a knowledge of the several tongues, and much other acquaintance of many affairs, the Scotish Queen had a lively taste, and a distinguished talent, for French poetry. See *les Mémoires de Brantôme, et les Anecdotes des Reines de France.* Mary was not only a poetess herself, but the cause of poetry in others: many a *Vaudeville* was written on her departure, from France."

" Francis was so far happy that he had married a wife, who, besides other virtues, dedicated her whole attention to him; resembling more the painful and solicitous regard of wives in common life, than those of a Queen, by right, as well as by marriage. The people thanked God for this courteousness in her; and as every nation ordinarily resemble their governors, the population of that great kingdom began to hope for many tranquil years under a marriage so peaceful and happy."* I know not where in the history of crowned heads to find the record of one character so accomplished, so lovely, so engaging, so prepossessing, and so promising as this.

Now we are to suppose that this almost faultless being, who had, when thus young, withstood some of the strongest temptations of the most trying station that a wicked world affords; who, in every relation of child, of pupil, wife, and queen, and widow, before she was eighteen years of age, had evinced the most dutiful obedience, purity and goodness of heart, extraordinary

* Chalmers.

abilities, constancy and affection, moderation and judgment, piety and resignation, was all at once to be changed into a being wantonly delighting in profligacy, sensuality, violence, and murder. To convince any human creature possessed of common sense, that such an anomaly in conduct had occurred, must require proofs of no common force and clearness. Those which have been adduced of the guilt of Queen Mary, certainly border not on that description; their nature shall be in course examined.

In one qualification of a Queen, as before observed, Mary certainly was greatly deficient; I mean in a penetrating insight into the secret recesses of the human heart. Hence arose the dangerous aptitude of believing men and women too, to be what they at first appeared, or professed to be. This credulity, or want of discernment, was apparently the fatal source of many of her misfortunes. In her it was natural, and it was lovely, but it was dreadfully dangerous. It would have been so in a *queen* of any age, or in any country, or at any time; in her at her age, and in her country at that time, it was most fatally so. Her first conspicuous error, arising from this cause, after her ascending the throne of her fathers, was in the appointment of her ministers and servants of the state. They were men, almost without an exception, in the interests of her inveterate enemy, the deceptious, intriguing, heartless Queen of England. They were thus attached, not because they loved the Queen of England, but because they sought their own aggrandizement. They were opposed to the religion of their own Queen, not, it is to be feared, because they cared much about religion as such, but because they knew, or believed, that opposing the established religion of their own country, and encouraging that of a neighbouring state, might lead to the dethronement of

of their Queen (who *did* care for religion,) and thereby to the appointment of themselves as regal rulers.

There was not only an unsuspecting credulity in the nature of the Queen of Scots, but also an amiable, though injurious degree of placability, which was proof against all self-interested suggestions, and all kinds of offending. No one ever transgressed beyond hopes of pardon and forgiveness from her. Mary was scarcely fit for a throne in this world; she was at any rate unfit for any throne in bad times; for the throne of Scotland in those times, she was totally so.

The next error committed by Queen Mary, which I shall notice, arising from the causes which have been enumerated, was, that of the choice of a *husband*. That she should feel disposed to marry again at her age, was neither blameable nor to be wondered at; that she should find herself *compelled* to marry, situated as she was, must appear probable. Had she been the slave of her passions, it is scarcely possible that she should not have seen the man on whom she could fix her affections, (she had seen, and been frequently with *Bothwell, who was then unmarried;*) she, however, fixed her choice on one whom she *had not seen*. The world spoke highly of this nobleman; his connections, and station in life, were such as to render him the man whom the public would have fixed upon as the fittest match for her. Even the hard-to-please Elizabeth started no objections till too late, and then his fitness was in all probablity her real objection. Mary undoubtedly in this match meant to please her people as well as to serve herself. That she was too precipitate, and too confiding, perhaps too determined, all must grant, and all must lament. He was unworthy of her love and confidence. Had he proved a

better man, the conduct of the Queen had never been considered as blameable. A recent instance of conduct nearly similar in one not much unlike Queen Mary in many respects, in our own country,* had a better termination, as far as regarded the merit of the man: and therefore, the conduct in that instance, of the exalted character who determinedly selected him as the object of her affections, has rarely been blamed.

The mortification of Queen Mary, on finding that she had united herself to a man, not only totally disinclined to, and incapable of assisting her in the arduous task of governing such a people, but one who was of a disposition which must inevitably increase her difficulties, and render herself and husband miserable together, as well as give offence and disgust both to the members of the government and to foreign ministers, bringing disgrace and ridicule and shame upon her best intended measures, must have been great indeed. She appears to have borne with, and screened the humours and the errors of her perverse husband as much as any woman, so situated, could be expected to have done. But no human being can long hide the follies of a fool. The instances of the obstinate perverseness of Darnley are almost innumerable and incredible.

When the Queen of Scots found, from the cabals of her ministers and of the prime nobility, as well as from the rude turbulence of the reformers, that it would be eligible to share her throne with a husband, and while she still debated on whom to fix her choice, her good sister Elizabeth, who through life delighted in officiously intermeddling on such occasions, took great pains (very disinterestedly, no doubt) to induce her to

* The late greatly lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales.

accept of her own professed admirer Leicester. This proposal Mary had before declined. Elizabeth, knowing, perhaps, that a widow's first *nay* on such occasions is not always decisive, still persevered, and ordered her envoy, Randolph, more strongly to press the measure.

The Queen of Scots, harassed out with the cares and perplexities of such a tumultuous court as hers, had sought refuge and peace for a few weeks, by retiring to Fife, desirous of living there for the time as a *private gentlewoman*. Thither, however, the persevering advocate of an officious and impatient Queen followed her. The following is his letter to his royal mistress from thence, after he had seen the Queen, and pressed his suit. Chalmers observes, that "he draws such a descriptive contour of Mary, and places it in so many lights, as to give a new cast to her character, charming as it was." She was then just turned of two and twenty. A lovelier picture of a Queen, drawn by one no way friendly to her, to send to her rival and her enemy, never was drawn. If it be deficient in faithfulness, the deficiency under such circumstances may be supposed not to be in favour of the original. To have abridged the letter, would not have been doing justice either to the writer or to the reader.

"May it please your Majesty," said Randolph to Elizabeth; "immediately after the receipt of your letter to this Queen, I repaired to St. Andrews. So soon as time served, I did present the same, which being read, and as appeared in her countenance very well liked, she said little to me for that time. The next day she passed wholly in mirth, nor gave any appearance to any of the contrary; nor would not, as she said openly, but be quiet and merry. Her grace lodged in a merchant's house, her train were very few; and there was small repair, from any part. Her will was, that for the time that I did tarry, I should dine and sup with her. Your majesty was

oftentimes dranken unto by her, at dinners and suppers. Having in this sort continued with her grace Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, I thought it time, to take occasion to utter unto her grace that which last I received in command from your Majesty, by Mr. Secretary's letter, which was to know her grace's resolution, touching those matters propounded at Berwick, by my Lord of Bedford and me, to my Lord of Murray, and Lord of Liddington.* I had no sooner spoken these words, but she saith, I see now well that you are weary of this company and treatment. I sent for you to be merry, and to see how like a Bourgeois wife, I live with my little troop; and you will interrupt our pastime with your great and grave matters. I pray you, sir, if you be weary here, return home to Edinburgh, and keep your gravity and great embassade until the Queen come thither; for I assure you, you shall not get her here, nor I know not myself where she is become; you see neither cloth nor estate, nor such appearance, that you may think that there is a Queen here; nor I would not that you should think that I am she, at St. Andrews, that I was at Edinburgh. I said that I was very sorry for that, for that at Edinburgh, she said, that she did love my mistress, the Queen's majesty, better than any other, and now I marvelled how her mind was altered: it pleased her at this, to be very merry, and called me by more names than were given me in my christendom. At these merry conceits, much good sport was made: But, well, sir, saith she, that which then I spoke in words shall be confirmed to my good sister, your mistress, in writing. Before you go out of this town, you shall have a letter unto her, and for yourself, go where you will, I care no more for you. The next day, I was willed to be at my ordinary table, and being placed the next person, (saving worthy Beaton†) to the Queen's self. Very merrily she passeth her time. After dinner, she rideth abroad. It pleased her, the most part of the time, to talk with me. She had occasion to speak much of France, for the honour she received there, to be wife unto a great king, and for friendship, shewn unto her, in particular, by many, for which occasions, she is bound, to love the nation; to show them pleasure; and to do them good. Her acquaint-

* Secretary Maitland.
† Mary Betoun, who, from her infancy, had been a maid of honour.

ance is not so forgotten there; nor her friendship so little esteemed, but yet it is divers ways sought, to be continued. She hath of her people many well affected, that way, for the nourriteur, that they have had, there, and the commodity of service, as those of the guard, and men at arms, besides privileges great, for the merchants, more than ever were granted to any nation. What privately, of long time, hath been sought, and yet is, for myself, to yield unto, their desires in my marriage: your majesty cannot be ignorant, and you have heard: To have such friends, and to see such offers, without assurance of as good, nobody will give me advice, that loveth me. Not to marry, you know, it cannot be, for me. To deffer it long, many incommodities ensue. How privy to my mind, your mistress hath been herein; you know how willing I am, to follow her advice; I have shewn many times; and yet can I find in her no resolution, nor determination. For nothing, I cannot be bound unto her; and to France, my will against hers, I have of late given assurance to my brother of Murray, and Liddington, that I am loath, and so do now shew unto yourself, which I will you to bear in mind, and to let it be known to my sister, your mistress: and, therefore, this I say, and trust me I mean it, if your mistress will, as she hath said, use me, as her natural born sister, or daughter, I will take my self either as one, or the other, as she please, and will shew no less readiness to oblige her, and honour her, than my mother, or eldest sister: but, if she will repute me always but as her neighbour Queen of Scots; how willing soever I be to live in amity, and to maintain peace, yet, must she not look for that at my hands, that otherwise I would, or she desireth. To forsake friendship offered, and present commodity, for uncertainty, no friend will advise me, nor your mistress self approve my wisdom. Let her, therefore, measure my case, as her own, and so will I be hers. For these causes, until my sister, and I, have further proceeded, I must apply my mind to the advice of those, that seem to tender most my profit, that shew their care over me, and wish me most good. I have now disclosed unto you (saith she) all my mind, and requre you, to let it be known to your sovereign. My meaning unto her is plain, and so shall my dealings be. I know how well she is worthy; and and so, do esteem her; and, therefore, I will thus much say more, that as there is none nearer of kin unto her, than I am; nor none more worthy, to whom I may submit myself; so is

there none, to whom with better will, I desire to be beholden unto, than unto her, or to do any thing, that may be with my honour. To this long discourse of hers, I did not much reply. For her affection towards France, thus much I was bold to say, that whatsoever her grace had found herself, her country hath felt the smart. I approved, greatly, in her, those good words, she spoke of your majesty, and by many tokens, from the beginning shewed the like mind, in your grace, towards her. For those matters, that you stood upon, they were so great, that they could not soon be resolved of, and much better it were, to attend a time, than over hastily to press at them; and rather to let them come of themselves, than to seem to urging them out by force. When, saith she, heard you me speak of these matters before? I said, no, of herself, but her ministers bore always her mind, and in their words uttered that which she would. I gave unto them charge, saith she, to consider what is fittest for me, and I find them all together bent towards you, and yet not so, but, I believe, they will advise me for the best. But so your mistress may me, that I will leave their advices, and all others, and follow her's alone. I liked so well these words, that I wished it might so be, which I trusted should be much to both their contentments and weal of your realms. Remember, said she, what I have said, this mind that now I am of, cometh not upon the sudden, it is more than a day or two that I have had this thought, and more than this too, that you shall not know. I desired her grace not to cut off her talk there, it was so good, so wise, so well framed, and so comfortable unto me, as nothing could be more so, than to hear that mind in her towards your majesty. I am a fool, saith she, thus long to talk with you; you are too subtle for me to deal with. I protested upon my honesty, that my meaning was only to nourish a perpetual amity between your majesty and her, which could not be done, but by honest means. How much better were it, saith she, that we two, being queens, so near of kin, neighbours, and being in one isle, should be friends, and live together, like sisters, than, by strange means, divide ourselves to the hurt of us both; and, to say, that we may for all that live friends, we may say, and prove, what we will, but it will pass both our powers. You repute us poor; but yet you have found us cumbersome enough. We have had loss, ye have taken scathe. Why may it not be between my sister and me, that we, living in peace and assured friendship, may give our

minds, that some as notable things may be wrought, by us women, as by our predecessors have been done before. Let us seek this honour against some other, than fall to debate amongst ourselves. I asked here, her grace, whether she would be content, one day, whenever it were, to give her assistance, for the recovery of Calais? At this question, she laughed; and said many things must pass, between my good sister, and me, before I can give you answer; but, I believe to see the day, that all our quarrels should be one, and assure you, if we be not, the fault shall not be in me.

" Your majesty hath heard the effect of much long talk, that passed, between this Queen, and me, not so well answered, in every point, by me, as it was spoken by her. I commended her good mind, her desire, and opinion, of your majesty, and in this matter, so, ended with her, that no small matter shall make her think otherwise than well, that nothing should make her over hasty, in her determination, either to enter, in league, with any, or to match herself, in marriage, further than either drift of time should be found, in your majesty, or hasty request of her subjects, or necessity, to provide for her estate, did press her. I requested her grace, humbly, that forasmuch as I had moved her majesty by your highness's commandment to let her mind be known, how well she liked of the suit of my Lord Robert, Earl of Leicester, that I might be able somewhat to say, or write, touching that matter unto your majesty. My mind, towards him, is such, as it ought to be of a very noble man, as I hear say, by very many. And such one, as the Queen, your mistress, my good sister, doth so well like, to be her husband, if he were not her subject, ought not to mislike me, to be mine. Marry, what I shall do, it lieth in your mistress's will, who shall wholly guide me, and rule me. I made myself not well to understand those words, because I would have the better hold of them. She repeated the self same words again; and I shewed myself fully contented with her speech; desired that I might hastily return to your majesty, whilst they were fresh in memory. My mind is not, that you shall so hastily depart. At Edinburgh, we may commune further; there shall be nothing forgotten, or called back, that hath been said. I have received, said she, a very loving letter, from my good sister, and this night, or to-morrow, will write another which you must send away. I offered all kind

of service, that lied, in my power, reserving the duty to your majesty. I made a general rehersal, after, of this whole conference, to my Lord of Murray, and Lord of Liddington; they were very glad, that I had heard so much spoken of herself, whereby they might be encouraged, to proceed further; but, without that principal point, whereupon your majesty is to resolve, saith they, neither dare, earnestly, press her, nor yet of themselves are willing, for that, in honour, otherwise they see not how she can accord to your majesty's advice, nor so to bend herself unto you, as they are sure she will; and therein offer their service to your majesty, to the uttermost of their powers. The Lord of Liddington doubteth, that your majesty hath conceived some evil opinion of him. I do assure him to the contrary, and find his dealing, hitherto, honest. Your majesty hath heard, at this time, and also at others, by such letters as are come to your highness's hands, as near as I can, the true report of all such words, as I have heard spoken, either by this Queen, or those, in chief credit about her, in such matters, as it did please your majesty, to give me charge, to intreat of. The judgment of them all belongeth unto your majesty. It is sufficient, for me, to obey your will: But how hard it is for one man, alone, to deal with many, your majesty knoweth; what they are, with whom I have to do, your majesty is not ignorant, wise, discreet, circumspect, and men, that leave nothing unsought, that may serve to their advantage. With these, therefore, and like, I am in continual fear to deal, less through my great lack, and mean judgment, in all cases, in special of such importance, some thing might so fall out, that might hinder so good a purpose, so great a good, as to have your majesty's realm united with this, and this Queen, to be wholly at your majesty's devotion. I do, therefore, most humbly crave of your majesty, that before this matter do suddenly break off, as now it is in doubt, what answer will be given, touching the conference had at Berwick, and all those, that favour your majesty's interest, in great suspense, what will become, if all matters be not thoroughly resolved upon, that it will please your majesty, to send some such one hither, the best in judgment, and experience, of that great number, your majesty hath to entreat on this matter, to see to what issue it may be brought; being now in my simple judgment, in some good towardness, and not far from that point, your majesty would have it at. If your majesty's pleasure be otherwise, would God, that I were

so happy, that I had some witness of those words, that I have heard of this Queen's mouth, what she hath spoken of your majesty, and how much she offereth, to be at your majesty's will, which often time, she speaketh, and calleth God to witness of her true meaning."

Such was the Queen at twenty-two, who, before she was twenty-six, was maligned by her enemies as an adulteress, a murderer (the murderer of her own husband), the abandoner of her infant child, the shameless mistress of a married man, himself a declared adulterer (her aider in the murder); and lastly, the willing wife of that man.

Let us examine, first, the probability, and then the evidence of the first charge, viz. her adulterous intercourse with Rizzio.

Rizzio, as hath been shewn, had risen to be her private secretary for the French language. He appears to have been a faithful servant to the Queen, and a zealous Roman Catholic; he was a professed musician, and Mary was both a lover, and an expert performer of music. Rizzio, therefore, was, as might be expected, a favourite. The dreadful relation of his murder, as sent by Mary herself to her ambassador in France, has been already given. Nothing less wicked than *fiends of hell*, one would imagine, could plot together, devise, and execute *in that manner* a murder so infernal. Yet it is undeniable, that the King her husband, with several of her ministers of state and prime nobility, were the contrivers, the instigators, or the perpetrators of the murder. No civilized country in the world, I will venture to say, ever furnished a proof of more savage ferocity, among so many of such a class of men, than this, which the court of the young Queen of Scots produced. Men who could take a part in a transaction like this, could not

be expected, afterwards, to shrink from any baseness finally to accomplish their self-interested views.

To suppose that this murder was committed by such men, in such a manner, in such a place, and by such means, because the Queen had had adulterous intercourse with the victim, is too incredible a supposition to be for a moment entertained by any thing less credulous than party or sectarian prejudice. Many of the perpetrators were notoriously disaffected to both the King and Queen; seeking to degrade, and if possible to dethrone them both: with this intent they had induced the weak King to join them. Several of them had constant access to the palace, and could have obtained any information that they wanted from the domestics. If they could have proved such improper behaviour in the Queen, it would have served their purpose better than the murder of Rizzio, or any thing else. This they could have done, if it had ever taken place. By murdering Rizzio, they deprived themselves of this opportunity, which was so wished for, that they murdered him even for the sake of raising the suspicion of its reality. But it is evident that they had another object in view, or the murder would have been perpetrated in a different manner,—*the indirect murder of the Queen*, or at least of the embryo heir to the throne. The Queen was far advanced in her pregnancy. The murder of a faithful servant, *clinging to a young female in her situation*, might reasonably be supposed to end in the death of either the child or the mother, or both. This, subsequent events shewed, was expected, and the delivery of the Queen, of a living, perfect, healthy child, in the castle of Edinburgh, could scarcely be believed either in Scotland or in England.

If the Queen's incontinence had really been believed by the conspirators, the murder of Rizzio, *till the fact had been proved*, would have been the last thing that they would have attempted. To have sunk the adulterous pair further and further in guilt, would have been their endeavour, till detection was become easy, and all doubt removed. But what does the fleeing of the *King with the Queen*, secretly (to escape the farther designs of the infernal conspirators), to Dunbar castle, on the following night, prove? Why, certainly, that the King did not believe the Queen guilty, or rather that he *knew* that she was not so. It likewise proves the Queen's love to her husband, her forgiving temper, and her belief that he had been deceived and misled by wretches, who, in all probability, would follow up the dreadful blow by others still more fatal.

Darnley now had signed and sealed his own death warrant. He had been a confederate with the Queen's enemies in guilt, and he had (they could have no doubt) betrayed his associates. Two insignificant wretches were given up to satisfy justice, at the expense of their lives, for this foul violation of all laws, by those who had employed them as auxiliaries. I am persuaded that enough hath been said, to prove that neither the King nor any of the other conspirators believed in the Queen's guilt. And as such guilt *was never proved*, I think that it does not require any great stretch of *Christian* charity to believe her in this instance guiltless.

We will now proceed to the murder of Darnley.

After what has been related, and the subsequent detestation and contempt which Darnley evinced on many occasions for his former betrayed associates in guilt, it required no uncommon

sagacity to foresee that his life would not be of long duration; probably even his shallow penetration, though insufficient for preserving him from being drawn in by the murderers of Rizzio, sufficed to convince him of this, before he determined (apparently so very causelessly) to leave the kingdom, when he had candour enough to absolve the Queen from having been in any way the cause of his fleeing. The mode of Darnley's murder, with the preceding circumstances, have been already related. It now remains to shew the *improbability*, if not *impossibility*, of the Queen's being accessory to it, and then the *evidence* of her not being so.

It has been shewn, that the wretches who had led the King to join in the murder of Rizzio, had every motive (for *divine* laws must have been with them out of the question) to induce them to murder Darnley. The Queen could have none: it has been shewn, that religion was with her a fixed principle. No advantages could induce her, no dangers could alarm her to forsake the exercise of it (young as she then was) in that way, which to her appeared to be the most acceptable in the sight of God. Before, then, she could be guilty of adultery, or of murder, she must deliberately "*curse God and die.*" She must do that which she believed, and knew would offend God, and which must inevitably (humanly speaking) deprive her of everlasting life. She must forsake, and give up to destruction, a husband whom she had swern to love, and whom with all his faults she did love; or she must herd, and plot, and sin with the murderers of her paramour,—with men whom she could not but then shrink at the sight of; with men who she knew were continually wishing for, and plotting her destruction. Whatever else the Queen of Scots may have been, she never was a *plotter*, though she was continually the

victim of plots. To suppose it possible without *proof*, that she could have been one of the murderers of her husband, is to suppose a violation of all human probability. If she had been one of them, she either must have been the original contriver and instigator, or she must have been drawn in by the others to assist in it, when they had determined upon it. No one I apprehend will conceive the first to be probable, or even possible. She then must have been induced by the other murderers, to join with them. Now in this case, for what purpose could they possibly want either her consent or assistance? Most clearly, for no other purpose than to work her ruin. Will it, then, be believed, that such being their object, and the attainment of it depending, as it must in that case depend, on their being able to *prove* her participation in the foul deed, that they should absolutely have left themselves so totally without evidence of her having any knowledge of the plot, as never to have been able, with all the desire which they possessed, and all the efforts that they could make, to show that she had any hand in it, directly or indirectly? They were not, on other wicked occasions, such bungling workmen; they were restrained by no compunctions; deceit, and fraud, and violence were with them lawful means. If they had had the address to get the Queen to join them, they would have found no difficulty in getting her (who was never famed for being an overmatch for villains,) so far to commit herself, as to put it in their power at any time to convict her. Her ruin must have been their sole end and aim; and yet without any assignable cause, they totally failed in that part of their design, which would have been clearly the most important to the final success of their measure. A failure of evidence to prove guilt in such a case as this, must be as strong a proof of innocence, as could be possibly expected to be adduced. But when was political and

religious prejudice convinced? Never! they may be removed, but while they remain (and hitherto against poor Mary they have remained), no evidence will satisfy; her innocence, therefore, has not sufficed to free her character from the accusation of a crime so dreadful, that nothing less depraved than a dæmon could have been guilty of it. That Mary's general character was far removed from any thing approaching to such blackness, has, I hope, already been sufficiently and clearly shewn. The time, I doubt not, is fast approaching, when that intolerant prejudice which has hitherto condemned her unheard, will either be removed, or driven to conceal, in the dark recesses of its own heart, the malignant venom with which it has so long endeavoured to poison the mind of the public, and to sully the fair character of an unoffending, persecuted, murdered Queen.

Before proceeding to shew the total failure of evidence of the Queen's participation in the crime of murdering Darnley, it will be advisable to recur to the extraordinary circumstance, of her so soon after that event marrying the man, who, on exceedingly strong evidence, was accused of being his principal assassin. The two events are too intimately connected to admit of their being considered totally separate from each other. The Queen was innocent in both cases, or she was guilty in both.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary circumstances of those extraordinary times, was the declaration signed by one archbishop, eight bishops, nine earls (Morton and Maitland at their head), and by seven lords, only two months after the murder of the King, not only that they believed Bothwell to be innocent of his murder, and that they thought him (though a married man) the fittest husband for the Queen; but also

pledging themselves to defend the marriage with their lives and fortunes. The obtainers, and many of the signers, of this curious declaration, were the acknowledged enemies of the Queen, and nothing else than the ruin of their royal mistress could have been their object. Any thing so indelicately preposterous, so outrageously indecorous, was never heard of in any country laying claim to civilization. The nobility of Scotland in those days seem to have been only one remove from semi-barbarians. Their castles and strong holds were little, if any, better than the giants' castles of romance; within their portcullisses the deeds were often as dark, as secret, and as bloody, as fable ever feigned. None dare accuse the tyrant, or if accused, none dare attempt openly to bring him to justice. Unhappy the country where the government is either too weak, or too timid, to punish the most powerful violators of the laws. In this unhappy state was Scotland at that time.

Bothwell was perhaps the second most powerful peer in Scotland. He was ambitious, but not very penetrating; he was led, as their cat's paw, by Murray, Morton, and Maitland, to aspire to the Queen's throne and bed. *Their* views were clearly, by ruining both, to pave the way to their own exaltation in a regency. Having once aroused his ambition, and got him involved in the labyrinth of guilt, there was but little fear of his being either able or willing to stop till both himself and the Queen were irretrievably lost. Having executed the part assigned him in the murder of Darnley, the instigators shewed him a semblance of sincerity in obtaining from the lords, spiritual and temporal, the extraordinary and disgraceful declaration in his favour, and in favour of his ambitious views before-mentioned. Encouraged by this powerful cabal, and by the success which hitherto had appeared to accompany his plans, the

murderer of his King did not scruple to become the ravisher of his Queen. Bothwell's participation in the murder of Darnley is proved by the immediate, almost general, accusation of him, —by the barefaced falsehoods and lawless exertions to screen his guilt on his mock trial,—by the testimony of his own servants, Powry, Paris, Dalgleish, and John Hepbourn, who were executed for the murder; as well as by the confession of Morton, before his execution for the same crime, when he cleared the Queen from any previous knowledge of the murder. With an army of 800 horsemen Bothwell seized upon the person of the widowed Queen, and carried her off into the secret recesses of that castle in which his will was despotic law, where villainous actions, of every degree of guilt, could be perpetrated with impunity, for no human eye could witness them, and if they did, the tongue that told of them probably told no more. Here the Queen of Scots was subject to the will of her ruffian ravisher many days. The secrets of those awful days will now never be known on earth; but no one who has any deep insight into human nature, will be so absurd as to suppose that he, who had waded thus far through crimes of the blackest die, towards the attainment of his object, would now stop short of *any means* which would insure his speedily and certainly attaining that object. What the nature of those untold, unseen, and unimagined deeds of darkness was, can now be only guessed. The rebels themselves suggested, that administering stupefying potions was one of the means resorted to to overcome and ruin the Queen. Whatever they were, they served the villain's present purpose. However his victim entered those dark walls, she left them a *devoted slave*, his will her law. She told no tales; she sought no vengeance. The foul deed was perpetrated, irrevocably perpetrated. She might, it is true, have died, or lived (perhaps) the mother of a bastard child. I say *perhaps*, for there can be no doubt but that be-

fore she left her prison-walls she knew her fate, if word or deed revealed the secrets that had passed therein, or sought revenge; redress she could not have.

I am aware that it will be said that this is all suppositious. I know that in a great measure it is so; but something, in a case like this, must be supposed. The leading facts are all undoubted, strange and dreadful as they must appear, but the circumstances attending those facts are not all quite so clear; reason then, when other light fails us, must become our surest guide. If a crime of the deepest die, involving premeditated guilt, deep laid plots, and shameless braving, be committed, and it be clear that it has been committed by one of two persons; if either of those two persons be one who has led a pure and blameless life, is a young and artless female, inexperienced in the ways of men; if the other be a bold, ambitious man, one who neither fears God nor regards his fellow-creatures, who has been guilty of adultery, murder, and many other crimes, then, the proof of guilt being equal, reason would not hesitate in saying, that the latter must be the perpetrator of the guilty deed.

It is said, that the crime imputed to Bothwell is too horrible to have been perpetrated even by him, and, therefore, that its perpetration becomes incredible. Those, however, who cannot, on strong evidence, believe Bothwell thus guilty, *can* believe the Queen of Scots, on slighter evidence, to have been (if possible) guiltier still. This *is* incredible! It would have been plunging into the depths of the deepest crimes without a motive. Every object which she could have had in view, she might have obtained more easily, more certainly, and more safely, without such horrid guilt. The perpetration, however, of the crime was, in her, as impossible, as it was unnecessary.

She possessed not the power if she had had the will. There was not *one* of all the crew of conspirators that would have lent her aid, unless they had seen clearly that it led to her ruin.

I wish to dwell longer than the nature of this undertaking will well admit of, on this subject, because it is the one on which, without due examination, Mary has been more generally, and strongly condemned, than on any other; and yet it is one the least credible, and the least possible. If she had been so desperately in love, all at once with Bothwell, as to have written him a box full of love-letters when he was a married man, when she was far advanced in her pregnancy, when she was just reconciled to her convalescent and repentant husband; surely, when she was become a mother, when her husband was murdered, when archbishops, bishops, earls, lords, and abbots, had solicited her to marry the married, the adulterous Bothwell, and had offered to defend such marriage with their lives and fortunes, she must have been more difficult to persuade to what she was desirous of, than such a woman could be expected to be, not to accept of him then. Every delay, every step afterwards, was not only procrastinating the attainment of the wished-for object, but also hazarding the losing of it altogether. Every subsequent step, supposing her to be consenting, was sinking herself lower and lower in infamy; not only without a motive, but in direct opposition to every supposable motive.

Was she, it may be asked, the leader of Morton, Maitland, the archbishops, bishops, earls, lords, and abbots, the recommenders of the adulterous match? Had she not only instantaneously cast off all the delicacy, modesty, and uprightness of her former self; but acquired also, in a moment, so much cunning, impudence, or authority, as to overreach or overawe all her old powerful enemies into submission to her unlawful desires?

This is really outraging nature and probability, much beyond what they will bear, for no possible purpose, but that of a determination to condemn a modest, innocent, unoffending, highly injured woman, instead of a set of shameless wretches, many of whom forfeited their lives for their crimes, and acknowledged *their* guilt, and *her innocence.* In no case, that I know of, is the accused person required to prove his innocence; it is sufficient that the accusers fail of establishing his guilt.

Mary's love for Bothwell, supposing her guilty, must have been violent indeed, but surely no evidence of such love has ever been exhibited. She made no objections to parting with him so soon after their marriage, when she went over to the insurgents' army, and he was sent off. Melvill says, in describing the temper of her mind on June 15th, at Carbury Hill. "Many of those who were with her, were of opinion that she had intelligence with the Lords then in arms facing her; especially such as were informed of *the many indignities put upon her by the Earl of Bothwell since their marriage. He was so beastly and suspicious,* that he suffered her not to pass *one day* in patience, *without making her shed abundance of tears.*" This supposition is by no means improbable. Bothwell finding that when he had the Queen wholly in his power, nothing but force could so overcome her aversion to him and his ways, as to induce her to consent to marry him, was so exasperated against her, as to lose no opportunity of revenging himself upon her after they were married. The rebels themselves, in a letter to Throgmorton, July 20th, 1567, acknowledge that "she could not have lived half a year to an end with him." So much was poor Mary's spirit broken, when she came forth from Bothwell's den of iniquity, that she submitted, without a struggle, to be married to him in the *protestant manner;* and not in her own catholic chapel, as she was to

Darnley, who was equally a protestant with Bothwell. When she escaped from her prison, she attempted not to flee to him; nay, she chose at last to deliver herself up to her deadliest foe, rather than attempt to find protection with him. When in England she never expressed any anxiety about him, but on the contrary she earnestly sought a divorce from him. Really this does not look like the conduct of a woman, madly in love with a husband, with whom she had not passed all the *honey moon;* but to such improbabilities as these, is prejudice put, when it is determined, right or wrong, to condemn.

That both Mary and Bothwell were victims, in this instance, to the deep-laid plots of the villainous conspirators, there can be little doubt. There was a double game playing; Bothwell conceived that *his* aggrandisement was their object, while they were only employing him as an instrument to degrade and ruin the Queen, that they might sink them both for ever, and thereby possess themselves of the regal power. If it were possible to believe that the Queen could have been so base as to have plotted with all those villains, to support her marriage with a married man; can it be imagined that they would not have been prepared on her trial to prove, by some document or witness, that she had been so far guilty? They would beyond a doubt have been prepared with overwhelming evidence, but they had none, and were therefore obliged to have recourse to the fabrication of a box full of love-letters which they dared not to produce; and which they were so unacquainted with, as not to know whether they were signed or not by her. In fact, they were not then quite finished.

It seems probable, that the getting away from Bothwell was the motive which induced her, without risking the event of an engagement, to trust herself so confidingly in the hands of her

most inveterate enemies. This motive, too, might have its influence in determining her, apparently so absurdly, to flee to England, and confide in the tender mercies of her faithless sister.

We have not only Mary's good conduct, previous to her returning to her native country, to invalidate such imputed misconduct, but a life of eighteen years spent afterward, as far as we know, irreproachably, and a death more truly Christian than almost any one which the history of crowned heads can furnish us with. The fact is, that the Queen of Scots, whenever she *could* act for herself, and the true nature of her actions can be known, appears to have acted correctly and purely, though perhaps not always wisely.

Having now, I trust, shewn the improbability of the Queen's having had any previous knowledge of the intended murder of her husband, as well as of her having been privy and assenting to the designs of Bothwell on her person and throne; I purpose proceeding to consider the nature of the circumstances and proofs which have been adduced as evidences of her guilt. These consist, almost entirely, of the fact of her having married Bothwell, the publicly accused murderer of her husband, very shortly after that dreadful event, and *of a box full of love-letters*, said to have been written by the Queen, just before the death of her husband. I hope that it hath already been made pretty evidently to appear, that the Queen's marrying Bothwell was not a *voluntary* act. The letters, however, are the evidence of the Queen's guilt, on which her enemies almost solely relied for her conviction. The history of the discovery of these far famed letters, is this:—Morton, the treacherous chancellor of the Queen, who was afterwards tried, condemned, and executed for the murder of Darnley,

asserted, that on the 20th June, 1567, *he* had arrested one Dalgleish, a servant of Bothwell's, carrying a gilt box, full of the Queen's love-letters, from Sir James Balfour, the governor of Edinburgh Castle, to Bothwell at Dunbar, and that these letters were in the hand-writing of the Queen, the first four letters being dated from Glasgow, on the 22d January, 1566-7, and two following days. Now, it is a remarkable circumstance, that this Dalgleish was arrested previously to the 26th June, for being concerned in the murder of Darnley, for on that day he was examined by *Morton*, Athol, and others, before the privy council, and though it was only six days after the one on which Morton *afterwards* said that he had taken the box full of letters from him, not one word was mentioned on the subject by either Morton or any other of the examiners.

After the persecuted Queen had been compelled, by threatening her life when a prisoner in Lochleven Castle, *voluntarily* to sign the abdication of her crown, she was accused in Parliament, on Dec. 4, 1567, by the wretches who had themselves murdered Rizzio and Darnley, and had encouraged and enabled Bothwell to violate her person, of *tyranny*, *incontinence*, and *murder*. In proof of these charges, that betrayer of the confidence of his royal mistress (Morton), who himself had been notoriously guilty, declared that he had discovered in the way related, *(six months before,)* this said box full of the Queen's love-letters to Bothwell. Of course, then, these important documents would be at the time produced, and the hand-writing verified: no, the examiners were satisfied with the averment of the Queen's accuser, (who was himself afterwards executed for the murder of Darnley,) that such letters existed. Sir James Balfour, who was said to have sent the letters by Dalgleish, was present, but not examined. Dalgleish

himself was at hand, but he was not sent for; and yet the guilt or innocence of the Queen, then on her trial, rested on the authenticity of these letters. Can any impartial man, now, believe that such letters were *then* in existence? I should certainly think not; yet on such grounds was the Queen deposed. These letters were first declared to possess the signature of the Queen, afterwards they were said *not* to have been signed by her.

We do not hear much more relating to these base letters, till after the Queen of Scots was kidnapped by her good sister, Elizabeth, in her own dominions; whither she had sought an asylum from the wretches around her throne, who thirsted for and sought to shed her blood. Retained as a criminal, instead of being entertained as a guest and a relative, the unhappy Queen was put upon her trial by her who had no right to try her, for crimes of which she was innocent, and of which her kidnapper knew that she was innocent. Here, as in Scotland, the evidence of these fabricated letters (for such *had* then been fabricated,) was to convict the accused Queen. Never certainly was there such a mockery of a trial as this of the Queen of Scots, first at York, then at Westminster, and lastly at Hampton Court.

These extraordinary letters, and other documents said to be written by the Queen, were produced as evidence against her by her confessedly inveterate enemies; yet were they not attempted to be *proved* to be genuine. The accused demanded to be heard in self-defence; she was refused; she required to see the writings, which she denied being hers, but she was not permitted; she claimed to be allowed counsel to defend her cause, but was refused; she wrote repeatedly to be admitted to

a personal interview with Elizabeth, but her request was not granted. Yet this was called a trial of the Queen of Scots; it answered the purpose of her insidious sister Elizabeth, by disgracing, in some degree, her hated rival in the eyes of the world, who could only learn the particulars from the false representations of the enemies of the accused. The genuineness, however, of the letters is the present question: if any one can now have any doubts on that subject, it may be further remarked, that the first four of them, dated from Glasgow, are dated at a time when she was not there; and when she did afterwards go down, it was *when very far advanced in a state of pregnancy;* when she was fully reconciled to her husband, and when she went there to take him to Edinburgh, in a state of convalescence, after the small-pox. Yet this is the precise time which treacherous servants and calumniators have blunderingly fixed upon for making her first fall in love with Bothwell, and write him four of these notable epistles in *three days*, when she herself was returning to Edinburgh. *Yet Bothwell was then a married man.* She had known him intimately when they were both single, and both thinking of being married, and yet they neither of them, unfortunately, could then contrive to fall in love with the other.

As almost the whole evidence of Mary's guilt hinges, as before observed, upon the authenticity of these extraordinary letters, and her consequent marriage with Bothwell; in attempting to prove her innocence, I may be excused for dwelling somewhat longer on this subject.

Nothing so improbable, so preposterous, so unsupported by facts, nay, so clearly proved to be forgeries, ever continued for such a length of time, and so generally, as these letters have

done, to blast the character of an innocent individual.* The fact is, that prejudice, especially *religious* prejudice, is so far from being open to conviction, that it will not often deign even to look at or listen to what can be written or said, to exculpate those whom it has once unjustly condemned. Ambition, avarice, fiery zeal, disaffection, malignity, jealousy, and many other vile passions, all united their voices in proclaiming the young, the beautiful, the accomplished, the helpless Catholic Queen of Scots to be an adulteress and a murderer; religious prejudice caught, disseminated, and continued the dreadful accusation. Religious prejudice was then spread over the whole of the two rival kingdoms. Accusation, with those who are disposed to listen to it, requires no *proof;* it only wants repeating, and it is believed, and by the believers again repeated. Two hundred and fifty years have not served (in this instance) to remove the charge, for two hundred and fifty years have not been able to remove religious prejudice.

Nine-tenths of this nation have been taught, from their first enquiries, to consider the Queen of Scots as an adulteress and a murderer; and if any one ventures to assert her innocence, and to request an impartial investigation of the circumstances of her case, he is probably silenced with, "O, she is a most diabolical woman! It is in vain to look into so disgusting a statement of facts; her imprisonment, her trial, and her death, might be a stretch of power, but it was a useful and necessary one. Her punishment was a just dispensation of Divine justice!" Such is the language at this day, not of the vulgar or illiterate,

* The extravagance to which *forgeries* were then carried in the court, as well as Church of Scotland, is now almost incredible. The reader who has doubts or curiosity on the subject, may consult Whitaker's Vindication of Queen Mary.

but of those who have the reputation of being religious, highly religious characters—men, who profess to be just and true in all their words and dealings.

This deadener of the senses, this stopper of the ears, this closer of the eyes, this warper of the understanding, *(religious prejudice,)* is the only power that could possibly have so long sustained the belief of the public in the genuineness of those pretended love-letters, which have been attributed to Queen Mary. As this little work may perhaps be read by some who think ill of her, who would not peruse a larger one, I shall take this opportunity of pursuing the subject a little farther.

The letters were said to have been found upon *Dalgleish*, the servant of Bothwell, in a gilt silver jewel-box, with the arms of France and the name of Francis upon it, it having been a present from him to his young and much beloved Queen. This box, then, (which every body must know at first sight,) Mary must have given during the life-time of her second husband, to Bothwell her paramour; whether full of jewels or not, we are not told. This Queen, whom nobody suspected, (not even Knox,) during the life of Darnley, of any criminal partiality for Bothwell, had nevertheless written love-letters to him, which, according to the first report of them, were likewise *death* letters, plotting the murder of the King her husband. These were sent by some private hand, unsigned, unsealed, unaddressed, open to the inspection of any one. She then, it seems, was not afraid of what she was doing, nor was Bothwell much more afraid of detection; for instead of destroying these dangerous tell-tales, he put them, as more precious than rubies, into the Queen's jewel-box, there to remain, probably, to amuse them in reading over together, after they should be married.

Well, they were at last married, and obliged to flee together from Edinburgh; they had little time afforded them for any thing; Bothwell might, however, have had time to destroy these valuables, which might some day cause his ruin; but he had such an *unaccountable* regard for them, that he would neither burn them, nor take them with him, but sent them (by whom is not said) to Sir James Balfour, the governor of the Castle; yet was this very man, at that time, if not a declared enemy, a very suspicious friend, and very shortly afterward, a professed foe. To him, however, it appears, were these letters, the disclosure of which might have cost the lives of both Bothwell and the Queen, most prudently sent, instead of either being destroyed or taken with them. The good governor, however, who certainly was treacherous on many other occasions, neither looked at, nor lost them. He kept them very faithfully for his old friend, (whom he was then seeking to ruin by every means in his power,) till it suited him to send for them.

When at length Bothwell became a proscribed outcast, and had taken refuge at Dundee, it may be supposed that he became low-spirited, and thought that if he had these cheering letters, which did himself and his *dear* absent wife so much credit, to read, they might serve to amuse and enliven him. I cannot, on any other supposition, account for his *now* running the risk of sending for them. This, however, he did, at least we are so given to understand; this he did by an old servant, well known as his, all over the country, and afterwards arrested, tried, and executed for the murder of the King.

Well, this said Dalgleish, notwithstanding, got safe to Edinburgh; he got easily into the strong closely-guarded city, though known to be an enemy, safe through the streets, and

safe into the castle; but what is more surprising, he easily got safe possession of the gilt silver box and the highly-valued letters. This Sir James Balfour must have been a most obliging, friendly sort of an enemy; but no; he was a cunning rogue; one, I presume, who loved a little pleasantry, for we are told that he let poor Dalgleish go, merely to have the pleasure of catching him again. He must truly be fond of the sport, to run the risk of losing both man and box and letters, rather than miss it. Be that as it may, Dalgleish set off, as we are told, with his prize, delighted enough, one may be sure. His joy, however, was but of short duration, for he had not proceeded far before he was turned and stopped by Morton, who had got a-head of him, and was so unaccommodating as to refuse him liberty to proceed, either with or without his box and letters.

Now Morton must have been exceedingly rejoiced, thus to have obtained possession of this precious box and letters. Of course he would not fail to make the speediest and fullest use of them in his power; his object was to criminate the Queen; he had now the means in his possession—means which could not fail to answer his purpose fully. This sagacious politician, this indefatigable enemy of the Queen, did, however, for some reason, or from some cause or other, neglect month after month to avail himself of the weapons thus put into his hands. Meetings, conferences, privy councils were repeatedly held, the object of which was to criminate the Queen; yet still was this precious box and its more precious contents kept back; no one ever heard of them till the month of December following, when Morton did *mention* that such things were in existence; but they did not, even then, make their appearance. Never, surely, was such damning evidence so ashamed of shewing its face. Never did such a Proteus appear in any court of justice

as this was found to be when it did appear: sometimes these changeable letters were five in number, sometimes eight, sometimes ten, sometimes sixteen, and finally, eighteen in number. For a long time, there were nothing but letters; afterwards they were joined by some sonnets, and in the end by two contracts of marriage. Sometimes they had the Queen's signature, sometimes they were without it: sometimes they were dated, at others they had no date at all: sometimes they were said to be sealed with the Queen's seal, but afterwards they were found never to have been any way secured. Nay, what is more surprising still, though they were, on their appearing at York, written in the *Scotch* language, when they were produced at Westminster, they were found to be in *French*. They were all affirmed to be in the Queen's own hand-writing, and yet it was admitted that the French ones were not even a translation from the Scotch, but a translation of a Latin translation.

Now these letters are the damning proofs from which the Queen of Scots has been condemned, and that without having been permitted either to see them during any of their transmigrations, or to be heard in her own defence. So much for the external evidence of the genuineness of these infamous letters; the internal evidence against them is, if possible, still more decisive. They are earthly, sensual, devilish: the heart of the elegant, delicate, simple Mary was as incapable of dictating them, as the pen of the pious, the enlightened, and the refined Queen of Scots was incapable of writing them. In Scotland, where these letters could easily have been detected as forgeries, they were not produced. In England, where nobody was allowed to call their genuineness in question, they were produced, but their genuineness not attempted to be proved.

To the possession of the Earl of Gowry, executed for high treason in 1584, was finally traced this box full of fabricated letters, of which it is believed Secretary Maitland, of Lethington, was the author; he acknowledged at York, that he both could, and frequently *had* imitated the Queen's handwriting. Morton, on his execution for the murder of the King, confessed his guilt, and accused Bothwell and Maitland as his fellow-conspirators. Bothwell died a prisoner in the Danish Castle of Malmay, 1576, declaring with his last breath, that the Scottish Queen was quite unconscious of the death of Darnley, which had been procured by Murray, Morton, and Maitland. Murray was shot in the streets of Linlithgow by the much-injured Hamilton, on the 23d January, 1569-70. Maitland died by poison (Morton was suspected of the crime), at Leith, on the 9th June, 1578. I have thus briefly noticed the violent and tragical end of these wretched men. If it does not prove the just retribution of an offended Deity, it does prove the ferocity of the age, and of the higher ranks in society in Scotland during Mary's reign; and the confessions of several of them serve to establish the innocence of the Queen, with the impossibility of any one, situated as she was, escaping with an unblemished character, if they did with life.

Though I hope and believe, that enough hath been said to prove, humanly speaking, the impossibility of Mary having been an accomplice in the murder of Darnley; still there are among her accusers, who say, "Why, then, did she not explicitly deny her guilt in her famous letter to Elizabeth, and in her last moments?" It is very easy to ask questions, and not always either quite so easy or even possible to answer them, by saying *why* such and such things were *not* done. In this instance, however, it may not prove a very difficult task.

In the first place, we will refer to her letter written only one day after the murder of her husband to her ambassador at Paris, the Archbishop of Glasgow. On this occasion, a woman who had so recently been guilty of the murder of her husband, and was writing on the subject, could scarcely fail of discovering, or raising suspicions of, her guilt by the very means which she would take to conceal it. Here, however, is a letter which I think nothing but innocence, ignorant of such an accusation, could have indited. A more artless, clear, and explicit relation of the occurrence could scarcely have been written. Still let it be remembered, that it is the letter of a Queen to an Archbishop, her ambassador. Here is none of that affectation of feelings which a guilty woman, on such an occasion, would have been sure to have displayed; here are none even of those natural genuine feelings, the dictate of the heart, which an innocent woman must have given way to in writing to an intimate familiar friend, and which, therefore, a hypocrite would have assumed, even in writing to an ambassador. It is the letter of a Christian, a Queen, and a woman of discernment. She believed that it was the object of the conspirators to have murdered her, as well as her husband; she states her reasons for such a belief without any passionate exclamations. She prefers her accusations decidedly, but coolly. She had then been too long accustomed to treachery and insult, to be either greatly surprised or roused by a repetition of them. Darnley could not then have stood very high in her esteem, and she does not affect to display what she did not feel. Let the reader compare this letter with those written by Murray, Maitland, and Morton, (in Chalmers' Life of Mary,) on the same occasion, and he will hardly fail to perceive clearly her innocence, and their guilt. I again repeat, it is impossible either that she should have committed the crime *herself*, or that she should have been connected with such conspirators

in perpetration of the murder, and not have been convicted of it.

The only time when it could have been at all expected of the Queen of Scots to assert her innocence of the murder of Darnley, was when she was accused by Elizabeth of the crime before the commissioners at York. Then, she not only asserts her innocence, but she loudly, fearlessly, and repeatedly demands to have the opportunity of proving in person her innocence, in the presence of her accuser, the witnesses, and the judges. She stakes her innocence on being able, if permitted, to *prove* it. This was going a step beyond what is ever expected of an accused person to do, but even this her base calumniators would not permit her to do. She was not allowed either to be confronted with her accusers, or to see or hear the evidence brought forwards to establish her guilt. It is clear, that so desirous were her accusers to prove her guilty, that they would stick at no stretch of power which was likely to accomplish their object. If their evidence was good, the more it was examined into, the more clearly would the guilt of the accused have been established, and the more effectually would their end have been obtained. They, however, all well knew the innocence of the victim, and they trembled at the apprehension of her being able to throw back the accusation of guilt upon themselves with tenfold force and clearness.

The long and able letter which was written by Mary to Elizabeth from Sheffield, was for the purpose of obtaining something like justice from the latter, for herself and son. Now, it could hardly have been expected, that a woman of prudence and good sense would have taken such an opportunity of needlessly vexing the person whom she was petitioning. That Elizabeth knew her innocent of the murder of Darnley,

none could doubt. That she had meanly, cruelly, and basely resorted to falsehood and wrong to make her appear guilty of it, was well known. To have alluded, then, in that letter to the subject, must inevitably have been at once defeating the end and aim which she had in view. If Elizabeth had been at all open to conviction, she must be then fully convinced; if she was not, no assertions of Mary's could have produced that effect. As to the Queen of Scots asserting her innocence of the murder of Darnley at the hour of death, it could hardly, under all the circumstances, have been expected. It was not one of the charges preferred against her. It had then for sixteen years been relinquished. She was a Queen and a Christian; she had lived as such, and she died as a Queen and a Christian ought to die. She made no proud boasting, she accused none of her enemies; she sought pardon for her sins from God, not to justify herself either in the sight of God or man. The time allowed her by her judges for preparation for eternity was too short to be uselessly wasted on self-defence. Such an idea as that of being accused of the murder of her husband never once, then, probably occurred to her; the crimes of which the commissioners accused her, and for which she ostensibly suffered, were of a different nature, and it is not likely that her attendants would remind her of the former accusation. It is not probable that *she* ever heard much, if any thing, of such an accusation, excepting from the commissioners on her insulting mock trial. *Then* she so clearly repelled it, that she might reasonably conceive, that all unprejudiced minds were convinced of the baseness and falsehood of the charge. So far is the circumstance of Queen Mary's silence on the subject of her participation in the murder of Darnley, from being indicative of her guilt, that it is, in my opinion, very strong evidence of her innocence. Had she really been guilty of such a crime, it is morally impossible that she should not,

in some way or other, have alluded to it. It must in that case, and on all occasions, have been uppermost in her thoughts, and years of solitude, such as she passed, could not fail to have, some way or other, disclosed it. On the contrary, it seems never to have occurred to her recollection, and instead of the agony of a wounded and accusing conscience, continually gaining strength, her serenity of mind and pious resignation kept gradually increasing to the last hour of her eventful life.

It is probable that the religious fanatics were among the principal *instigators* of the calumnies, insults, and acts of injustice which were perpetually heaping upon the Queen. A more rancorous *spirit* of persecution was perhaps never evinced in any age, in any country, or by any class of professing Christians. The reformed religion was not then the religion of the state, it was then only the *tolerated* religion, yet did Knox and his followers treat the young Queen and her religion, as if she was an alien, and her religion an innovation.

If, as is generally asserted, the Roman Catholic religion be in its *spirit* more intolerant than any other which takes Jesus Christ for its foundation, it was, as practised by Mary, Queen of Scots, (who has never been accused of indifference on the subject,) undoubtedly in that respect much more moderate than that of the reformers. This must certainly speak very strongly in favour of the young Queen. However useful Knox may have been as an instrument in furthering the reformation, he must ever stand disgraced himself, and a disgracer of the cause which he so violently espoused. If (as we are assured) the essence of Christianity be *love*, and if Christ himself declared that the distinguishing characteristic of his disciples should be that of their "*loving* one another," then could not

Knox be a Christian. He possessed none of its characteristic gentleness, meekness, forbearance, and long suffering. On the contrary, he was rude, violent, impetuous, impatient, and revengeful; speaking evil of dignities, and, instead of honouring, insulting and persecuting the monarch on the throne. He was one who scrupled not to employ many unlawful means to effect, as he thought, his purpose the more effectually. Publicly and privately he took every opportunity of traducing the character of the Queen.

With such a government, with such a nobility, and with such clergy, how was it possible (humanly speaking) for a Queen of her age, and in her circumstances, to escape the slanderous tongue of calumny? These, however, were not all the enemies which the defenceless youthful Queen of Scots had to contend with. There was a serpent more subtile, more venomous, more rancorous and powerful than they all, which never ceased trying to tempt her to her destruction, which never forbore to hiss its malignant aspersions against her with all its force, nor to dart its poisonous sting into her tender frame till it had accomplished its infernal work by bringing her to her grave. The enmity of Elizabeth, Queen of England, to Mary, Queen of Scots, seems never to have abated of its inveteracy from her ascending the throne till it had brought her to the scaffold. On Palm Sunday, 1572, Elizabeth declared that "*the Queen of Scots' head should never be in quiet.*" It never was till it was off; that of Elizabeth had little rest afterwards.

Nominally independent, Scotland was in reality governed in a great measure by England, the latter country being not only stronger, but also much richer, and more politic. It was united in itself, and its monarch was spirited, sagacious, and discerning. Such a government could not be deficient in the

means of controlling the councils of a kingdom, such as Scotland was at that time, in which the servants of the State were disloyal, venal, and ferocious.

Elizabeth never appears to have received any just cause for offence from the Queen of Scots. The only circumstance which at all seems to require explanation, is, that of the Dauphin, when he married the Queen of Scots, having assumed with her the arms and title of "*King and Queen of England.*" This cause of complaint, however, must be entirely done away with, when it is stated, that it was not Mary, but her husband, who assumed the title; and that as soon as he was dead, she relinquished it. Elizabeth, at any rate, could not complain of such an infringement of right with any thing like a good grace. She herself was bearing the arms of France, and the title of Queen of France, at the time, on less tenable grounds: besides that, the laws of France do not, in any case, acknowledge or admit of a *Queen*. Against the covert and open malignity, then, of this Queen and government of England, not over-nice in the quality of the means which they employed, had the Queen of Scots to guard and contend. That all these enemies, combined, should eventually succeed in first depriving her of her character, then of her throne and child, and lastly of her life, can appear no way surprising to any man capable of discernment and reflection, even on the supposition of her being pure as an angel of light. Poor Mary was no match for any of their arts; too confiding and perhaps (in her situation) too forgiving, she was, through life, a dupe to knavery. Never did she exhibit a stronger or more fatal instance of want of common discernment and caution, than in needlessly (as it proved) throwing herself totally on the tender mercies of her good sister Elizabeth. It is true, that, if any one human being existing on the face of the earth possessed

claims on the compassion and aid of another, which were irresistible, that being was Mary, Queen of Scots, when she threw herself, pennyless, wretched, and defenceless, at the feet of her nearest relative and neighbour. Comfort for the afflicted, aid for the helpless, protection for the oppressed, and wine and oil for the wounded, were not things that the Queen of England dealt in. As well might the lamb bleat in the ears of the famished wolf, when beneath his paws, for mercy, as Mary appeal to Elizabeth, when in her power, for that love which every Christian is bound to extend to his neighbour. Had Elizabeth loved Mary as she loved *herself*, great indeed would have been her affection for her; unfortunately for Mary, but more unfortunately for herself, however, she did not. She loved *herself* so well, that she never seems through life to have had any love to spare for others. It is scarcely possible to conceive an appeal more forcible than that which Mary had to urge to Elizabeth for assistance:—"Are we not sisters," she might say, "born, only three removes, of the same father and the same mother; we are both young females, both Queens, both orphans. Thou hast power, I am weak. I never have designedly given offence. Death has driven me from one throne, rebellion from another. My child is in the hands of my enemies. I am an outcast, without money, and without friends. I have thrown myself confidingly on thy mercy as the only earthly being, possessed of the means to afford me assistance, from whom I have a natural right to claim it." These are some of the pleas which Mary had to urge, and with most, if not all, other women they would have prevailed: on Elizabeth, however, they produced little effect. She was not the Levite, who beheld the victim of rapine and cruelty, and passed by on the other side. No! she was no such careless looker-on: she ordered the wounded, helpless traveller, her neighbour and her sister, not to be carried to an inn and taken

care of, but with feelings peculiar, it is to be hoped, to herself, to be taken and cast into prison; and after enjoying the pleasure of torturing her there for more than eighteen years, at last, when prematurely aged and infirm, to bring her forth and murder her. Surely the annals of human depravity and base cruelty do not offer another instance of like guilt with this! The stroke of an assassin is nothing to the procrastinated cruelty of Elizabeth. The sufferings of her victim appeared to afford her delight. She frequently held out hopes to her, but it seemed to be only to have the pleasure of disappointing them. She was continually urging the unwilling and, at first, revolting gaoler (Shrewsbury,) to treat his prisoner with more severity; and it was only when the poor suffering Queen was likely to escape the tortures of her rack by death, that she consented to abate, for a time, her sufferings, and permitted her to visit the healing waters of Buxton to enable her to bear more of the tender mercies of her good and compassionate sister. Thus the death of the captive Queen, when it did take place, seems to have been hastened more than was the intention of her tormentor; at least if Elizabeth be herself to be believed, that was the case. She only intended the death to have been a still more lingering one, caused by the perpetual dread of it. This was a refinement in cruelty reserved for the great Queen Elizabeth. Little, it is probable, did she then think, that she was herself to experience a much more dreadful, and almost equally lingering death with that which she would have inflicted upon her captive sister.

How often do we see the wicked entrapped in the work of their own hands! Mary was, indeed, tried in the furnace of affliction. Daily, however, she became thereby more and more fitted and prepared for death; while her persecutor, amidst almost unvarying prosperity, was hourly unfitting herself for its

approach, and accumulating causes of torment to render its arrival most dreadful and appalling. The biography of the world scarcely furnishes an instance in any rank of life, certainly not in Mary's exalted station, of an individual who was on every hand and in all places, so beset with enemies, treacherous friends, and calumniators, as she invariably was. Her youth, her beauty, her accomplishments, her forbearance, her confidence in others, but, above all, her being seated on a tottering throne, in a half-savage nation, and professing a falling religion, served to create, encourage, and perpetuate calumniators and persecutors. Friends she no doubt had, but they were neither able nor disposed to attempt her protection at the almost certain expense of their own ruin. They might sigh and weep for her, but sighs and tears avail but little against the tongues and daggers of the fanatic and the bravo. Even the favours which she conferred seemed to serve only to produce maligners and persecutors.

Buchanan, who struck so speedy, so foul, so treacherous, so effectual a blow at her fair fame, was one on whom she had heaped (as on many other false friends) numerous and greatly undeserved favours. Pleased, perhaps, with the blandishments of his poetry, (he had been her instructor in Latin,) she not only made him a handsome allowance quarterly from her treasury, but at length granted him, *for life*, the whole of the revenue of the Abbey of Crossraguel, in Ayrshire, amounting to £500 per annum, then no trifling sum; this was the treacherous friend who struck a deadlier blow than the executioner of Elizabeth. More than two hundred years have not sufficed to heal the wound which his poisoned dagger inflicted. He left both the dagger and the poison behind him, and there have not been wanting those who could not forgive a pious Roman Catholic Queen for being sincerely devoted to

her religion, to take them and use them against her. The determination of Buchanan to traduce the character of his Queen and benefactor, is so clearly apparent in almost every page of his work, that it must serve to weaken all confidence in him, in every impartial reader. Whenever it was *possible* by any art or sophistry to represent either her actions, her words, or her motives, disadvantageously, he seems to have done it. Just as much reliance might have been placed on the representations of Morton, had he written her life, as on those of the treacherous Buchanan. This is the fountain whence almost all the foul and bitter waters, which through two centuries have overwhelmed and defiled the reputation of Queen Mary, have been drawn.

It has been shewn by what treachery the Queen of Scots was seized and imprisoned by Elizabeth, and the cruelty with which she was treated by her as her prisoner, during eighteen years, in various castles and strong places in England, wearing out her body and her patience by sufferings and trials of almost every kind. After fourteen years of misery thus passed in bearing the inflictions and insults of her remorseless persecutor, she at last wrote a letter to her from Sheffield, on the 8th November, 1582; it is almost too long to admit of being here given at full length, but to omit any part of it would not be doing the writer justice. This she has been denied so long and so frequently that I shall not in this instance continue the practice. My readers, I am sure, will not regret the time spent in the perusal. It shews the workings of an aroused and feeling heart, accompanied with unaffected piety and a clear and strong understanding. It is dignified, argumentative, and powerfully persuasive. However Elizabeth might have succeeded in breaking the *constitution* of her victim, it is evident that the powers of her *mind* were not only unbroken but un-

impaired. It is the letter of a Queen, of a good and a wise Queen.

"MADAM,

"UPON that which has come to my knowledge, of the last conspiracies executed, in Scotland, against my poor child, having reason to fear the consequence of it, from the example of myself; I must employ *the very small remainder of my life, and strength before my death*, to discharge my heart to you fully, of my just, and melancholy complaints: of which I desire, that this letter may serve you, as long as you live after me, for a perpetual testimony, and engraving upon your conscience; as much for my discharge to posterity, as to the shame, and confusion of all those, who, under your approbation, have so cruelly, and unworthily, treated me to this time, and reduced me to the extremity, in which I am. But, as their designs, practices, actions, and proceedings, though as detestable as they could have been, have always prevailed with you against my very just remonstrances, and sincere deportment; and as the power, which you have in your hands, has always been a reason for you among mankind; I will have recourse to the living God, our only judge, who has established us, equally, and immediately, under him, for the government of his people.

"I will invoke him to the end of this my very pressing affliction, that he will return to you, and to me, (as he will do in his last judgement,) the share of our merits, and demerits, one towards the other. And remember, madam, that to him we shall not be able to disguise any thing, by the paint, and policy of the world; though mine enemies, under you, have been able, for a time, to cover their subtle inventions to men, perhaps to you.

"In his name, and as before him sitting, between you and me, I will remind you; that by the agents, spies, and secret messengers, sent in your name into Scotland, while I was there, my subjects were corrupted, and encouraged to rebel against me, *to make attempts upon my person*, and in one word, to speak, do, enterprize, and execute that, which

has come to the said country, during my troubles.* Of which I will not at present specify other proof, than that, which I have gained of it, by the confession of one, who was afterwards amongst those, that were most advanced, for this good service, and of the witnesses confronted with him. To whom, if I had since done justice, he had not afterwards, *by his antient intelligences,* renewed the same practices against my son; and had not procured for all my traitourous and rebellious subjects, who took refuge with you, that aid, and support, which they have had, even since my detention *on this side;* without which support, I think, the said traitours could not since have prevailed, nor afterwards have stood out so long, as they have done.

"During my imprisonment at Lochleven, the late Trogmarton [Throkmorton] counselled me on your behalf, to sign that demission, which he advertised me would be presented to me; assuring me, that it could not be valid. And there was not afterwards a place in christendom, where it was held for valid, or maintained, except *on this side;* [where it was maintained] even to having assisted, with open force, the authors of it. In your conscience, madam, would you acknowledge an equal liberty, and power, in your subjects? Notwithstanding this, my authority has been, by my subjects, transferred to my son, when he was not capable of exercising it.

"And since I was willing to assure it, lawfully, to him, he being of age to be assisted to his own advantage, it is suddenly ravished from him, and assigned over to two or three traitours; who having taken from him the effectiveness of it, will take from him, as they have from me, both the name, and the title of it, if he contradicts them in the manner he may, and perhaps his life, if God does not provide for his preservation.

"When I was escaped from Lochlevin, ready to give battle to my rebels; I remitted to you, by a gentleman, express, a diamond jewel which I had formerly received, as a token from you, and with assurance to be succoured by you against

* The allusion is to Randolph, the corrupt agent of Elizabeth, in Scotland.

my rebels; and even that, on my retiring towards you, you would come to the very frontiers, in order to assist me; which had been confirmed to me by divers messengers.*

"This promise coming, and repeatedly, from your mouth (though I had found myself often abused by your ministers) made me place such affiance on the effectiveness of it; that, when my army was routed, I came directly to throw myself, into your arms, if I had been able to approach them. But while I was planning to set out to find you, there was I arrested on my way, surrounded with guards, secured in strong places, and at last reduced, all shame set aside, to the captivity, in which I remain, to this day, *after a thousand deaths, which I have already suffered from it.*

"I know, that you will alledge to me what passed between the late Duke Nortfolk [of Norfolk] and me. I maintain, that there was nothing in this to your prejudice, or against the publick good of this realm; and that the treaty was sanctioned with the advice, and signatures, of the first persons, who were then of your council, under the assurance of making it appear good to you.

"How could such personages have undertaken the enterprize, of making you consent to a point, which should deprive you of life, of honour, and your crown; as you have shown yourself, persuaded, it would have done, to all the embassadours, and others, who speak to you, concerning me?

"In the mean time my rebels perceiving, that their headlong course was carrying them much farther than they had thought before, and the truth being evidenced concerning the calumnies, that had been propagated of me at the conference, to which I submitted, in full assembly, of your deputies and mine, with others of the contrary party, in that country, in order to clear myself publickly of them; there were the principals, for having come to repentance, besieged by your forces, in the castle of Edinburgh, and one of the first among them poisoned,† and the other most cruelly hanged;‡ after I had

* Elizabeth appears, from this, to have early formed the design of drawing Mary into England, under the pretence of assisting her.

† Secretary Maitland. ‡ The laird of Grange.

point after my death; and in the mean time not to let prevail to his prejudice, the continual practices and secret conspiracies, which our enemies in this realm are making daily for the advancement of their said pretensions; labouring on the other side with our traitorous subjects in Scotland, by all the means which they can, to hasten his ruin; of which I do not demand other better verification, than the charges given to your last deputies sent into Scotland, and what the said deputies have seditiously practised there, as I believe, without your knowledge, but with good and sufficient solicitation of the earl my good neighbour at York.*

"And on this point, madam, by what right can it be maintained, that I, the mother of my child, am totally prohibited, not only from assisting him in the necessity so urgent in which he is, but also from having any intelligence of his state? Who can bring him more carefulness, duty, and sincerity, than I? To whom can he be more near? At the least, if sending to him to provide for his preservation, as the Earl of Cheresbury [Shrewsbury] made me lately understand you did, you had pleased to take my advice in the matter; you would have interposed with a better face, as I think, and with more obligingness to me. But consider what you leave me to think, when forgetting so suddenly the offence which you pretended to have taken against my son, at the time I was requesting you that we should send together to him; you have dispatched one to the place where he was a prisoner, not only without giving me advice of it, but debarring me at the very time from all liberty, that by no way whatever I might have any news of him.

"And if the intention of those, who have procured on your part this so prompt a visit of my son, had been for his preservation, and the repose of the country; they needed not to have been so careful in concealing it from me, as a matter in which I should not have been willing to concur with you. By this means they have lost you the good-will, which I should have had for you. And, to talk to you more plainly upon the point, I pray you not to employ there any more such means or such persons. For, although I hold the Lord de Kerri

* The Earl of Huntingdon, who was then lord president, at York.

[Cary, Lord Hunsdon] too sensible of the rank from which he is sprung, to engage his honour in a villainous act; he has had for an assistant a sworn partisan of the Earl of Huntingdon's, by whose bad offices an action as bad has nearly succeeded to a similar effect. I shall be contented then, only at your not permitting my son to receive any injury from this country (which is all, that I have ever required of you before, even when an army was sent to the borders, to prevent justice from being done to that detestable Morton;) and that none of your subjects directly or indirectly intermeddle any more in the affairs of Scotland, unless it is with my knowledge, to whom all cognisance of these things belongs, or with the assistance of some one on the part of the most Christian King, my good brother; whom, as our principal ally, I desire to make privy to the whole of this cause, because of the little credit that he can have with the traitours, who detain my son at present.

"In the mean time, I declare with all openness to you, that I hold this last conspiracy and innovation, for pure treason against the life of my son, the good of his affairs, and that of the country; and that while he shall be in the state, in which I understand he is, I shall esteem no word, writing, or other act, that comes from him, or is passed under his name, as proceeding from his free and voluntary disposition, but only from the said conspirators, who, at the price of his life, are making him to serve as a masque to them.

"But, Madam, with all this freedom of speech, which I can foresee, will in some sort displease you, though it be the truth itself; you will find it more strange, I assure myself, that I come now to importune you again with a request of much greater importance, and yet very easy for you to grant, and release to me. This is, that having not been able hitherto, by accommodating myself patiently so long a time to the rigorous treatment of this captivity, and carrying myself sincerely in all things, yea, even to the least, that could concern you a very little, to gain myself some assurance of my entire affection towards you; all my hope being taken away by it, of being better treated, for the very short time, which remains to me of life: I supplicate you, by the honour of the sorrowful passion of our Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, again I supplicate you, at once to permit me to withdraw myself out of your realm, into some place of repose; to search out some comfort

for my poor body, so wearied as it is with continual sorrows, and with liberty of my conscience to prepare my soul for God, who is calling for it daily.

"Believe, Madam, and the physicians, whom you sent me this last summer, are able sufficiently to judge the same; that I am not for a long continuance, so as to give you any foundation of jealousy or distrust of me. And, notwithstanding this, take of me such assurances and conditions, just and reasonable, as you shall choose. The greatest power rests always on your side, to make me keep them; though for nothing whatever would I wish to break them. You have had sufficient experience of my observance of my simple promises, and sometimes to my prejudice; as I shewed you upon this very point, about two years ago. Recollect, if you please, what I then wrote you: and you will not know how to bind my heart to you so much, as by kindness, though you keep for ever my poor body languishing between four walls; those of my rank, and nature, not leaving themselves to be gained, or forced, by any rigour.

"Your prison, without any right or just foundation, has already destroyed my body; of which you will shortly have the end, if it continues there a little longer; and my enemies will not have much time, for glutting their cruelties on me; nothing remains of me, but the soul, *which all your power cannot make captive.* Give it, then, room for aspiring a little more freely after its salvation; which alone it seeks for at this day, more than any grandeur of this world. It seems to me, that it cannot be to you any great satisfaction, honour, and advantage, for mine enemies to trample my life under foot, till they have stifled me in your presence. Whereas, if in this extremity, however late it be, you release me out of their hands, you will bind me greatly to you, and bind all those, who belong to me, particularly my poor child; whom you will perhaps make sure to yourself by it.

"I will not cease to importune you with this request, until it be granted me. And, on this account, I pray you to let me understand your intention; having, in order to comply with you, waited even to the present day for two years, to renew my urgency for it; for which the miserable state of my health presses me more than you can think. In the mean time pro-

vide, if you please, for the bettering of my treatment *on this side*, that I may not suffer any longer; and remit me not to the discretion of any other whatever, but your own self, from whom alone (as I wrote to you lately) I wish for the future to hold all the good and the evil, which I shall receive in your country. Do me this favour, to let me have your intention in writing, or the embassadour of France, for me. For to tie me up to what the Earl of Scherusbery [Shrewsbury], or others, shall speak, or write about it, on your behalf; I have too much experience, to be able to put any assurance in it: the least point, which they shall capriciously fancy, being sufficient, to innovate the whole from one day to another.

"Besides this, the last time that I wrote to those of your council, you made me understand, that I ought not to address myself to them, but to you alone (and so to extend their credit and authority only to do me hurt, could not be reasonable; as has happened in this last limitation, in which, against your intention, I have been treated with much indignity.) This gives me every occasion for doubting, that some of my enemies in your said council may have procured it with a design, of keeping others of the said council from being made privy to my just complaints; lest the others should see perhaps *their companions*, adhere to their wicked *attempts upon my life;* of which, if they should have any knowledge, they would oppose them, for the sake of your honour, and of their duty towards you.*

"Two things I have principally to require at the close: the one, that, near as I am to going out of this world, I may have with me, for my consolation, some honourable churchman; to remind me daily of the course, which I have to finish, and teach me how to complete it according to my religion, in which I am firmly resolved, to live and to die.

"This is a last duty, which cannot be denied to the most mean and miserable person that lives: it is a liberty, which you grant to all the foreign embassadours; as also all other Catholick Kings give to your embassadours, the exercise of their religion. And even I myself have not hitherto forced my

* The allusion was, probably, to the Earl of Leicester.

own subjects, to any thing contrary to their religion; though I had all power and authority over them. And that I in this extremity should be deprived of such freedom, you cannot with justice require. What advantage will redound to you, when you shall deny it to me? I hope that God will excuse me, if, oppressed by you in this manner, I do not render to him any duty, but what I shall be permitted to do in my heart. But you will set a very bad example to the other princes of christendom, to act towards their subjects with the same rigour, that you shall show to me, a Sovereign Queen, and your nearest relation; which *I am, and will be, as long as I live, in despite of mine enemies.*

"I would not now importune you, concerning the augmentation of my houshold; of which for the time that I see remaining me to live in this world, I will not have so much care. I require then from you, only two women of the chamber, to assist me, during my sickness; attesting to you before God, that they are very necessary to me, now I shall be a poor creature among this simple people. Grant these to me, for the honour of God; and show, in this instance, that mine enemies have not so much credit with you against me, as to exercise their vengeance and cruelty, in a point of so little consequence, and depending upon a simple office of humanity.

"I will come now to that, with which the Earl of Scherusbery [Shrewsbury] has charged me, if such a one as he can charge me; which is this: that contrary to my promise made to Beal, and without your knowledge, I have been negociating with my son, to yield to him my title to the crown of Scotland; when I had obliged myself not to proceed in it but with your advice, by one of my servants, who should be directed by one of yours in their common journey thither. These are, I think, the very words of the said count.

"I will tell you upon this, Madam, that Beal has not ever had a simple and absolute promise of me; but indeed overtures conditional, to which I cannot remain bound, in the fashion, in which the business is, unless the conditions, which I annexed to it, might be previously executed; about which, so far is he from being satisfied, that on the contrary, I have never had any answer from him, or heard mention of it since on his side. And on this account I remember very well, that

the Earl of Scherusbery [Shrewsbury], about last Easter, wanting to draw from me a new confirmation of what I had spoken to the said Beal; I replied to him very fully, that it was only in case the said conditions might be granted, and consequently effectuated, to me. The one and the other are yet living to testify this to you, if they will tell the truth about it. Then seeing that no answer was made me; but, on the contrary, that by delays and neglects mine enemies continued more licentiously than ever their practices, formed since the residence of the said Beal with me, in order to traverse my just intentions in Scotland, so as the effects have been well witnessed there; and that, by this means, the door remained open to the ruin of my son and of myself; I took your silence for a refusal, and discharged myself, by express letters, as well to you as to your council, from all that I had treated upon with the said Beal.

"I made you fully privy to what monsieur, the King, and madame, the Queen, had written to me, with their own hands, upon this business; and I asked your advice upon it, which is yet to come, with which it was in truth my intention to proceed, if you had given it me in time, and you had permitted me to send to my son; assisting me in the overtures, which I had proposed to you, in order to establish between the two realms a good amity and perfect intelligence for the future. But, to bind myself, nakedly, to follow your advice, before I knew what it would be, and, for the journey of our servants, to put mine under the direction of yours, even in my own country; I was never yet so simple, as to think of it.

"Now I refer to your consideration, if you knew of the false game, which mine enemies *on this side* have played me in Scotland, to reduce things to the point, at which they stand; which of us has proceeded with the greatest sincerity. God judge between them and me, and avert from this isle the just punishment of their demerits.

"Send back again at once the intelligence, which my traitorous subjects of Scotland can have given you. You will find, and I will maintain it before all the christian princes, that no one thing whatever has there passed on my side, to your prejudice, or against the good and repose of this realm; which

I affect not less than any counsellor, or subject, that you have, having more interest in it than any of them.

"There was a negociation, for gratifying my son with the title, and name of King; and for making sure, as well the said title to him, as all impunity to the rebels for their offences past; and for replacing every thing in repose and tranquillity for the future, without any innovation of any thing whatever. Was this to take away the crown from my son? Mine enemies, as I believe, wished not at all that the crown should be made sure to him; and on that account are very content, that he should keep it by the unlawful violence of some traitours, enemies, from all antiquity, to all our family.* Was this then to seek for justice upon the past offences of the said traitours, which my clemency has always surpassed?

"But an evil conscience cannot ever be assured, carrying continually its fear in its very great trouble within itself. Was it to wish a change in the repose of the country; to procure it by a mild pardon of every thing past, and a general reconciliation between all our subjects? This is the point, which our enemies *on this side* fear, as much show as they make of desiring it. What prejudice would be done to you by this? Mark then, and verify, if you please, by what other point: I will answer to it upon mine honour.

"Ah! will you, Madam, let yourself to be so blind to the artifices of mine enemies, as to establish after you, and perhaps against yourself, their unjust pretensions to this crown: will you suffer them in your life time, and look at them, while they are ruining, and so cruelly destroying, those, who concern you so near both in heart and in blood? What advantage and honour can you hope for, in suffering them to keep us, my son, and me, so long separated, and him and me from you?

"Resume the ancient pledges of your good nature; bind your relations to yourself; give me the satisfaction before I die, that seeing all matters happily settled again between us, my soul, when delivered from this body, may not be constrained to display its lamentations before God, for the wrong, which

* The allusion is, probably, to the Ruthvens.

you will have suffered to be done me here below; but rather, that being happily united to you, it may quit this captivity, to set forward towards him, whom I pray, to inspire you happily upon my very just and more than reasonable complaints and grievances.

"At Sheffield this 8th of November one thousand five hundred eighty-two.

"Your very disconsolate, nearest relation,

"and affectionate cousin,

"MARIE R."

"MEM. 'This forcible, and pathetic letter,' says a great writer, 'is rendered obscure, in places, by that, which is incident to all letters, the quick glancing of the mind to, and from circumstances, familiar to the writer, and to the receiver, and therefore noticed in a cursory manner only. But, it has been considered, as so pathetic, and so forcible, that Blackwood inserted it in his MS. history of Mary's sufferings, even before 1585, and actually published it, in his history, so early as 1587. Camden, also, formed an abridgement of it, and placed it in his annals [Orig. i. 332—7; Transl. 276—80.]' Dr. Steuart, too, has equally interrupted the course of his narrative with it, after he had spoken of it, in these terms: 'When the intelligence of the captivity of her son,' he says, 'and of the bold proceedings of the conspirators reached Mary, her care, agitation, and anguish were driven to the most affecting extremity: And giving vent to her sensibility, she addressed a letter to Elizabeth, in which she maintains her dignity, while she yields to her resentments; and in which she has intermingled, in an admirable manner, the most fervent protestations of innocence, and the boldest language of expostulation, and reproach. Its ability, and vigour, are uncommon, and give it a title to survive, in the history of the Scotish nation.' [ii. 164.] 'And Mademoiselle de Keralio has published it, a fourth time, in her Appendix, v. 349. But, Camden's abridgement, which I admired much,' continues Mr. Whitaker, 'before I discovered the original, has lost many of the beauties, in the letter, and has ventured to make some additions of his own. Dr. Steuart, also, has formed his copy of the letter, by abridging the abridgement of Camden, by copying his additions, as parts of the original, and by licentiously paraphrasing all. And Mad. de Keralio, not attending to this conduct, and not knowing of

the French original, has turned Dr. Steuart's letter into French, and given it to her readers, as the true original.' [The French original is in the Cotton lib. Calig. c. vii. 51.] In this manner is history, unintentionally, falsified; and thus has the French letter been translated back into French again. I have given the original itself. I have added to it a translation. I thus, says the vindicator of Mary, take leave of my reader, even in my Appendix, with a genuine letter of Mary's; which recapitulates the conduct of Elizabeth to her, in all its principal outlines; which shews Elizabeth to us, as we have seen her before, but with an addition of evidence, mean, tyrannical, insidious, and savage; and also shows the soul of Mary to us, at the seeming approaches of death, recollected in its sentiments, earnest in its feelings, maintaining her innocence with awful solemnity, and appealing to that God, before whom she thought she was going to appear, for the vindication of her honour, and the avenging of her wrongs.

"From the interesting nature of distress, the elevating force of innocence, and the ennobling dignity of religion; the sick, and dying Mary here appears, with a majesty, before which the low-souled Elizabeth shrinks abashed, and confounded. Every honest, and generous feeling of our hearts comes forward to the aid of the oppressed Queen. And we think of her oppression, with disgust, with disdain, and with detestation." [The letter of Mary thus published, in English, is from the translation of her very able vindicator, iii. App. xvii.]

It hath been often asserted that if we would learn a man's *real* character we must inquire what it is *at home*. If we examine that of the Queen of Scots in this way, and estimate it generally by the result of the inquiry in this instance, she will be found to stand very high in the scale of excellence. Perhaps no woman that ever existed passed through greater or more trying vicissitudes. At *home*, however, she was in all of them, amiable and beloved. From the cradle, through thrones and prisons, to the scaffold, she seems to have engaged and retained the hearts of her friends and her servants, many of them acknowledged pious characters. Her four little Marys,

her first playmates, never forsook her. Her mother doated on her, and left for a while the seat of her government to visit her in France. By her "innate mildness" she engaged the affection of her adopting parents. Her unremitting attentions to her youthful and weak husband were such as not only to secure his love, but also to elevate, in some degree, hi character; "the people of France thanked God for this courtequsness in her;" while in conducting public affairs there, "she displayed a clearness of perception, powers of policy, and firmness of purpose, that evinced great capacity as a sovereign, and uncommon address as a woman." Her affecting adieu to France, where she had met with so many friends and enjoyed so much youthful happiness, evinced a feeling heart, if not a presentiment, that she was taking leave of friends and happiness in this life almost altogether and for ever. The long time which so young a widow, though a Queen, continued to wear her weeds, with the verses which she wrote on the death of her weak and short-lived husband, shewed the sincerity of her affection to him.

Of all the vile insults and persecutions of the rude and almost savage reformers, she returned none. This arose not from want of either spirit or abilities, for she was deficient in neither, but from a degree of Christian forbearance which it would have been creditable to her enemies to have imitated. Nay, when they went so far as to attempt to deprive her of what she considered as being essential to the acceptable performance of Divine worship, she wept, but she did not (as she might have done) retaliate. When induced by circumstances, which seemed to demand it, to marry again, she seems to have made the good of her people, not her own choice, the object, for she had never seen Darnley. Amidst all his capricious conduct, her behaviour must have appeared to him,

not only guiltless but highly correct, since, when preparing to leave her and the country *after the assassination of Rizzio*, he unequivocally declared before many witnesses that "the Queen had given him no cause of complaint." When the treacherous counsellors of the ill-used Queen, Murray, Argyle, Maitland, Huntley, and Bothwell, (though she was said to be in love with the latter,) earnestly urged her to consent to a divorce between her and Darnley, she firmly refused, "and desired them not to meddle any more with such a subject, as *she was resolved to have patience with her husband's temper, which might change for the better.*" Disappointed in this object, which might have answered their purpose as well, they then planned Darnley's murder, the Queen's marriage with Bothwell, the dethronement of the former, and the ruin of the latter.

I do not know where we should find, if we were to seek it in any station, a picture of a more amiable temper, harassed and wearied by oppositions and villainies, seeking rest, but finding none, in retirement, than that of Mary, as it appears in the letter of Randolph from St. Andrews, which has been noticed. What a strong contrast does it form to the buckram state of the never-playful Elizabeth! The natural constitution of the Queen of Scots was good, her spirits lively, and her activity great. She was fond of exercise. A capital horsewoman, she feared neither bad weather nor bad roads. She was passionately fond of hawking, and was expert with the bow and arrow. She occasionally hunted, and was attached to gardening. She delighted in music, and "for a Queen played reasonably well." She understood chess, was a great worker with her needle, drew correctly, and wrote poetry in different languages. Such a woman could scarcely be idle, nor be likely to be misemployed. Her charities appear to have been

very extensive. She appointed two almoners, Archibald Crawford, and Peter Rorie, both ecclesiastics, for the distribution of her bounty. The education of poor children was a peculiar object of her attention. She continued her father's officer of *advocate for the poor*, with a considerable salary. All these on her dethronement were discontinued. Her women were her principal companions; her four Marys, Mary Fleming, Mary Betoun, Mary Livingston, and Mary Seton, rarely left her. It was usual for some learned and godly men to read to them after dinner.

Unaffected natural sentiments of piety appear in most of the Queen of Scots' written correspondence. Not obtrudingly, as if designed as a cloak, or to attract attention, but as being always uppermost in her thoughts, at least always present in her heart. That she did not lack spirit, when occasion demanded it, is evidenced by Randolph, who, in writing to Cecil, says, of her conduct in the field, "I assure you that I never saw the Queen merrier, never dismayed, nor never thought I that stomach to be in her that I find. She repented nothing but that, when the lords and others at Inverness came to her in the morning from the watch, she was not a man to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway, with a jack and a knapsack, a Glasgow buckler and a broadsword."

Surely this woman was in few if any respects inferior to her rival Elizabeth; yet was the latter almost always successful, and the former as uniformly unfortunate. The state of England at that period was highly favourable, and Elizabeth had men of great abilities, determined by all means to serve their Queen and their country to the utmost of their power; nor were either they or their royal mistress shackled very tightly

by the ties of justice or morality. Mary, on the contrary, fell (a Queen when quite a girl) on evil men, and evil times, her country poor, and distracted by contentions both in church and state. Her ministers were men of abilities, but those abilities were continually employed in furthering their own private interests, in opposing their Queen, and in degrading and ruining their country, which they reduced to little better than a province dependent upon England. Mary never thought of gaining her ends by any other means than those of strict integrity. In one respect she was inferior *as a Queen* to Elizabeth. Unhackneyed in youth in the ways of bad men, she was unsuspicious, believing the professions of the tongue to be the dictates of the heart; hence she was totally disqualified for perceiving, detecting, and punishing the treacherous machinations of her domestic foes. Could Elizabeth and Mary have exchanged kingdoms, they would both have appeared better fitted for their respective stations. Mary might have been beloved and served faithfully herself, checking all base motives in her ministers; and Elizabeth might have boxed the ears of Knox, Morton, and Murray, without any danger of hurting their *feelings*, or of making them worse men than they were.

Observations on the Life

OF

JOHN KNOX.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE LIFE

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" Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I." Job, xv. 6.

SINCE the foregoing Dissertation on the Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, was prepared for the press, I have perused with attention and interest M'Crie's *Life of John Knox*, in 2 vols. 8vo. It has served most decidedly to confirm the opinion which I had previously formed and expressed, of the characters of the calumniated Queen of Scots, and of the rude and zealous Scotch Reformer. Mr. M'Crie being a minister of the Kirk of Scotland, it may, from that circumstance, be inferred, that he is not *quite* an impartial biographer of Knox. A perusal of a few pages of his work will convince any liberal-minded inquirer, that he is a strongly prejudiced one, and therefore utterly *incapable* of duly appreciating the character of the Queen of Scots.*

* "The prejudiced man is incapable of discerning truth." In those enlightened times when *Spectacles* were even wanting, what

In reading the sentiments of such an author, for the purpose of attaining a knowledge of the truth, they can be no farther admitted, than as they accord with true Christian principles, and are supported by incontestable facts. Examined by these tests, the character of Knox, even by the shewing of his eulogist, is far worse than I have before exhibited it, and that of the Queen of Scots at least equally amiable. That Mr. M'Crie may be a very sincere and zealous minister of the gospel, I can easily admit, but that he possesses those liberal principles, and that extensive Christian charity, faith, love, and humility, which the writing of such a work required, I cannot conceive. For good *intention* I can give him credit, but he is evidently so far warped by sectarian prejudice, as to make him more anxious to promote the welfare and raise the character of his *sect*, than to discover and to display the evidences of truth. Out of the mouth, then, of this his eulogist, shall Knox, in as few words as possible, be judged. It seems necessary to do this for the purpose of confirming the character of the Queen of Scots, as already given.

The distinguishing trait in the character of Knox, appears to have been one which is strongly opposed to the meekness by which his Divine Master was distinguished while on earth, *pride*, attended with great self-sufficiency. He had much, too, of fanatical zeal, but in this he has been surpassed by many.

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every thing has, a name, a shopkeeper, who sold almost every thing that *had* a name, advertised "*Enablers to read.*" An elderly gentleman, (learned, perhaps, for the times,) called to purchase one, or a *pair*, as they are now termed. He fixed one of the Enablers, as directed, upon his nose, and then examined attentively the book which the shopkeeper put into his hands for that purpose, but all in vain; he declared that he could not read a word in it. He tried another, and another, still with no better success; at last the shopkeeper exclaimed, "Why, Sir, you can't read at all, can you?" "No, to be sure I can't," was the reply; "If I could, what should I want these things for?"

In him this last quality was so tempered by worldly prudence, if not by feelings of even a more disgraceful kind, that he took especial care that it did not hurry him into imminent personal danger when he could possibly avoid it; and he shrunk and fled from it, whenever he thought that danger was approaching too near. When Rizzio was murdered, Knox fled to Kyle; and when the Castle of Edinburgh fell into the hands of the Queen's party, he left his flock and took shelter at St. Andrews. His friend M'Crie does him the justice to say of him, "*We never find him neglecting to take prudent precautions for his safety.*"

He boasted that he feared neither the tears nor the threatenings of *woman*, and this might be true when he had only his own amiable, unprotected, betrayed, insulted, youthful Queen to contend with; but when he had either the English *Mary*, or the English *Elizabeth*, for an opponent, he fled, or crouched, with a degree of haste and meanness, that appeared very much resembling cowardice. He blew his *first* "*blast against women*" loudly and fearlessly, and he boasted that it should be followed by others *louder* still; but the breath of a *woman* stopped his proud boasting, and he never ventured to fill the trumpet again as he had threatened from his inflated cheeks. Nay, he was even base and pusillanimous enough, humbly and meanly to apologize to a foreign Queen for his temerity, while he continued to repeat his insulting conduct, with exaggerations, towards his own.

When the Reformation under Edward VI. was going on smoothly in England, Knox was loud and busy enough there in its promotion; but when, in the reign of the successor of that prince (Mary,) the tide of persecution was turned against the Reformers, and the cause demanded that true zeal which

shrinks not from danger, he forsook his fellow-labourers, leaving to them the sufferings and the rewards of martyrs, himself fleeing with precipitation to Geneva, where he knew that he could abide in safety, though he chose not to abide in peace, for he there soon got embroiled in contests with his fellow-reformers. Afterwards, when the cause of the Reformation, from the accounts which he received, appeared to have gained such strength in his native country, that he might return with safety, he set out for that purpose, but hearing by the way that the danger was not over, he very *prudently* returned to await a more favourable opportunity.

This is the man who could find heart and courage in his own country, when he knew that he was well supported, so to insult his young female sovereign in her own palace for conscientiously adhering to the religion of the state, of her forefathers, and of her heart, as to make her shed such floods of tears as moved every heart but his own obdurate one. *That*, it seems, was proof against any less powerful feelings than those of personal fear. This was the minister of the Gospel of Love;—a minister conspicuously employed in *reforming* the religion of Christ, as practised in his own country, who dared to broach, to encourage, and to maintain, the diabolical doctrine, that individuals may take the sword of the law into their own hands and execute summary justice on their offending fellow-creatures. This, it is true, he confined to *particular* cases, but as the determining the fitness of the case must rest with the avenger, it will be *fit* whenever it suits his purpose to declare it so. This horrid doctrine, so utterly subversive of even the existence of society, Mr. M'Crie himself rather hesitatingly defends. Let us see how this practice, if generally admitted, would have affected John Knox.

If any individual is to be allowed such a privilege, a *monarch* certainly must be so; if any provocation could warrant the exertion of this power in a monarch, it would be that of self-defence, or it would be the defence of the religion of the state from attempts to vilify and overturn it. Now, Knox had publicly, on all occasions, and in all places, not only traduced the character of his sovereign, but he had grossly insulted her in her own palace. He had publicly proclaimed her as a *Jezebel*, and asserted that she ought to be *cut off*. He had defended, if not been concerned in, the murder of one of her prelates, and of her secretary; he was seeking, by every means in his power, not only to subvert the religion of his Queen and of the state, but he had even endeavoured to deprive his sovereign of the privilege of privately worshipping her God in that way which she believed to be most acceptable. Now, if any *person* could be provoked to take summary vengeance, or if any *occasion* could warrant such an action, the Queen of Scots would have been justified, had she, without ceremony, ordered the tyrant Knox to the torture and the gallows. He could have had no right to complain of the adoption, in this instance, of a practice, the propriety and lawfulness of which he had himself maintained to be allowable, even on less justifiable occasions.

Had he had Elisabeth, instead of Mary, for an opponent, and had dared (which he never would have done) so to insult *her*, it is very probable that he would only have lived long enough to afford him an opportunity of repenting of his error and of his temerity. The calumniated, persecuted Mary, however, who was branded as the maintainer of a religion whose essence was persecution, not only refrained from retaliating on the zealous brute, either by murder or abuse, but she condescended to argue calmly and familiarly, though dig-

nifiedly, with a man whom no other sovereign in Europe, so circumstanced, would have admitted into their presence, probably not into their kingdom.

Nothing need to be adduced to set the amiableness, the candour, and the abilities of this young Queen in a stronger light than the evidence of her traducer M'Crie, in his relation of the controversies which she deigned to hold with her rude, unfeeling, unchristian, enemy, John Knox. Religious prejudice is the firmest closer of the heart against the yearnings of nature that is in existence, otherwise both Knox and his biographer must have been moved by the situation, the condescension, the loveliness, the youth, the entreaties, and the tears of such a woman and of such a sovereign. They both, however, condemn and abstain from all appearance of such weaknesses. We shall find other evidences of the tender-heartedness of these inflexible reformers, the opponents and traducers of the character of Mary, Queen of Scots, as related and vindicated by Mr. M'Crie, and then judge what mercy *she*, who was opposed to their religion, their prejudices, and their self-interest, could expect at their hands.

Knox was present, if he did not preside at, a General Assembly of the Kirk at Jedburgh, the minister of which place, Paul Methven, they found guilty of adultery. He fled to England; from thence he wrote expressive of contrition, and a willingness to submit to discipline. The penance prescribed him on his return was, "To appear at the church-door of Edinburgh when the second bell rung for public worship, clad in sackcloth, bareheaded, and barefooted, to stand there till the prayers and psalms were finished, then to be brought into the church and placed in the *public spectacle* above the people, during the sermon, and afterwards to profess his sor-

row before the whole congregation. This he was to repeat on *three successive Sundays* at Edinburgh, the same number of times at Dundee, and again at *his own kirk* of Jedburgh. Such were the tender mercies of Knox and the General Assembly of those men, who were universally opposed to the youthful Queen, to a contrite, repentant fellow-creature, for such they must be convinced that Methven was, or he would never have returned to submit to their award, whatever it might be. The savage delight of the American Indians in torturing, from day to day, the bodies of their captive enemies, is nothing to this. Methven, it is probable, would have stood the tearing of his flesh from the bones without flying; but he had those feelings which are honourable to human nature, but of which his tormentors appear to have been destitute, which rendered this continued exposure to the ostentatious pity of the pharisaical, the scoffs of the unfeeling, the scorn of the proud, the derision of the low, the contempt of the high, the avoidance of the good, and vulgar taunts of the wicked, too much to be borne, and after enduring the torture for some time, he at length fled again into England.

Well, indeed, is it for such self-righteous men, that the mercy of *their God* is not *thus* exercised towards repentant sinners; yet this conduct does the biographer of the Scotch Reformer vindicate, by the following beautiful lines from Cowper,—lines which the author would have thought as applicable to the torturing of the Indians, as to the present instance of cruelty:—

> "'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a waif,
> Desirous to return, and not received;
> But 'twas a wholesome rigour in the main,
> And taught the unblemish'd to preserve with care
> That purity, whose loss was loss of all."

The inveterate foe of the Queen of Scots, the serpent whom she so long cherished in her own bosom, her brother, the treacherous Murray, on whom she had heaped favours and benefits without number; who nevertheless betrayed this his best friend and sister, rebelled against his liege sovereign, joined her treacherous enemies at home;—who fled to, and received reward from, her declared enemy, and the declared enemy of his country, the Queen of England;—who was guilty of the vilest injustice and the most unmanly cruelty towards a defenceless woman, the wife of Hamilton:—this man Mr. M'Crie designates as the "*Great and Good Murray*," and furnishes his portrait, as being the brightest ornament (excepting that of the tender-hearted Knox) with which he could adorn his work. Yet all this he, perhaps, will not allow to be prejudice! Alas for poor Mary, with such "*great and good*" ministers of state, and such liberal-minded reverend opposers and historians!

Knox, with all his zeal in the cause of purifying Christianity, seems neither to have been partial to preaching to the *poor*, nor of mortifying the *flesh*. His preaching, whenever it was practicable, was both to and *at* the *great*. Crowned heads, whenever he dared to attack them, appear to have been his favourite marks. The weak Darnley, and the unprotected Mary, were safe game, and therefore he never spared them. Almost all his sermons abound with gross egotism and personality. There appears to have been no greater man in the world, in his own opinion, than *John Knox*. Nor did he trust to his *abilities alone* to raise him in the estimation of the world; his first marriage was not an imprudent one; his second was to the daughter of Lord Ochiltree, of the blood royal, after having unsuccessfully paid his addresses to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Chatelherault, the first nobleman of the land, the widow of Lord Fleming.

On two of his friends calling to see Knox when on his death-bed, he would compel them to stay till they had well drank of a cask of old wine which he then ordered to be broached for them, and with which he jokingly invited them to make free *when he was gone.* Really, Mr. M'Crie must excuse his readears, if they do not think Mr. Knox quite so apostolic and humble a Christian in his life and conversation, as *he* does.

Mr. M'Crie, I am afraid, possesses not himself quite the essence of Christianity. After relating the circumstance of the taking prisoner *Archbishop Hamilton,* and the cold-blooded murder of that prelate by the Reformers, he adds, " The execution of prisoners, although chargeable with crimes which merit death, is ordinarily avoided in civil contests, *because it produces reprisals from the opposite party; but in every other respect, the fate of Hamilton is not a subject of regret or of censure.*" This is speaking out honestly at any rate; few Christians, however, I apprehend, will think it entitled to any other praise, nor will they be surprised at the Catholic Mary being calumniated by a minister of the Gospel, who can make such an assertion.

That this said Mr. M'Crie should hold the English Reformers in contempt because they stopped, as he intimates, half way, i. e. without flying from one extreme to the other, is no way surprising. *He* probably can have no idea that *truth,* in almost all cases, lies somewhere in the mid-way, never at either extremity. I lament, though I do not abuse, as much as Mr. M'Crie does, those really lamentable tenets and practices of the Roman Catholic religion, which in the darker ages prevailed more than they do now; nor am I quite sure that there may not be some such still attaching even to the Kirk of

plesing face of a gentilwoman. Now, all this conduct of Knox is related by Mr. M'Crie with seeming approbation.

Let us, in the next place, hear this Christian minister on the subject of Rizzio's murder. "There is no reason to believe that he (Knox) was privy to the conspiracy which proved fatal to Rizzio. But it is probable that he had expressed satisfaction at an event which contributed to the safety of religion and the commonwealth,"—a clear admission that Rizzio was murdered for being a Catholic, "if not also his approbation of the conduct of the conspirators." Here, then, is the admission of two ministers of that Gospel of love and peace, which commands all its disciples to abstain even from all appearance of evil, that *murder* may be meritorious, and contribute to the safety of religion. Surely their ideas of either the power or the purity of the Deity must be very far from the truth. It is not to be wondered at, then, if they, who do not scruple to employ *murder* in the cause of religion, should have thought it meritorious to attempt to fasten the *imputation of murder* on the innocent in the same cause. This may serve to account for the endeavour of the Scotch Reformers to inculpate the Queen as the murderer of her husband.

In this place, then, I shall say a few words more upon the subject of the King's murder in addition to what has already been said; though I trust that more is unnecessary to convince any impartial man (the prejudiced are out of the question,) of her innocence of that crime. Mr. M'Crie says,—"he (Darnley) was naturally vain, rash, and vindictive; his unexpected prosperity rendered him insolent and overbearing; *and it required all the prudence of the Queen* to preserve him from falling into contempt even before marriage." Here, then, by the enemy's admission, is a vain, rash, vindictive young man, ren-

dered insolent and overbearing by prosperity, curbed and restrained from quarrelling with all the nobles about him, by the prudence of the calumniated young Queen. This is no trifling praise of her, in such a case, from such a man. But could it be expected, that if it was with difficulty she could restrain him before marriage, that she should be able to continue to do so afterwards, when he had obtained power and cared but little about his wife? Certainly not. And the fact was, as was inevitable, that he then became so vain, rash, vindictive, insolent, and overbearing, that the nobles, to whose views, of every kind, he was opposed, resolved to be rid of him. The Queen alone never (by his own public assertion,) gave him cause of displeasure. *She* alone determined to abide by him, in hope that he still would mend his temper and his conduct. *She* never had been suspected of being a murderer; many of the nobles had been more than suspected of being such. She could have no motive to risk his murder; if she had had such evil passions, she could have gratified them without, and if she would not flinch at murdering her husband, she would not have shrunk from adultery. Supposing, however, that the Queen was determined to murder her husband, surely she never could have gone the way that was taken for that purpose. Could not the experienced Bothwell find out for her a more private method of dispatching the King? He was exceedingly ill at Glasgow of the small-pox; she sent her own physician to him. Were there no physicians, as well as noble men and ministers of religion, in those pure and holy times, who thought private murder, in certain cases, justifiable? Could neither Mary, nor her paramour Bothwell, find such an one, who could mix up *that*, in his daily potions, which would have removed him out of the way without suspicion? Surely those who think Mary a *murderer*, must believe her to have been a *fool* also. What, put herself in the power of her most

powerful and inveterate enemies; combine, conspire, plot, contrive, and employ, for such a purpose, those who she knew had been long lying in wait on every side to entrap and ruin her, and all without the shadow of an occasion! What, go down herself to Glasgow to him; deceive him by a pretended reconciliation; bring him with her to Edinburgh; provide a house for him to be blown up in; charge it with gunpowder; go and live and lodge in that house herself; kiss him, put a ring upon his finger, and leave him to be strangled or blown to atoms up in the air, while she was amusing herself at the wedding of two of her domestics! Really, really, this is, to my plain common sense, something beyond belief in such a woman! I much doubt if Morton could have been villain enough for such a contrivance, or even if she had an enemy, who could have had the heart to go through with it; but surely, surely, the poor defenceless, artless, religious, prudent, unfriended, Mary, never, never, could be equal to it!

Transfer the accusation to those who really did perpetrate the crime, who have been convicted of it, or who have confessed to it, and the whole appears consistent, probable, and natural. They had long been waiting for an opportunity of dispatching the King, who had offended them too grossly to be forgiven; that opportunity offered, and they embraced it. It is true, that their agents made a bungling job of it, blowing up the house after they had strangled their victims and taken them out of it; but that, where so many were concerned, giving, perhaps, contradictory orders, is not to be wondered at.

My object in the investigation of the character of Knox and Murray hath been to shew that with two such opponents, occupying the situations which they did, the Queen of Scots, though perfectly innocent, might yet have all the crimes im-

puted to her which have been laid to their charge. In giving the characters of those two notable Reformers, the *humble* Knox and the *great* and *good* Murray, I have drawn them from the facts adduced or admitted by their professed advocate Mr. M'Crie, carefully abstaining from mentioning the many disgusting crimes of which they have been accused by other authors less disposed to judge favourably of them.

By what hath been said, I trust that it hath been made to appear, that Mary, Queen of Scots, was by nature of a most amiable disposition, and possessed of very superior talents, both natural and acquired; that she was very early in life deeply impressed with a strong sense of the importance of religion; that she considered the established religion of her own country as the true one, and that through life she remained firm in that belief and constant in the practice of what she conceived to be truth; that though herself a sincere Roman Catholic, she was neither a bigot nor a persecutor, but that, on the contrary, she was liberal and tolerant in her principles and practices, far beyond what was prevalent in any class of Christians in those times; that she was admired and beloved by her domestics, and whoever was in the habit of associating with her in private life, being naturally of an active, benevolent, and cheerful disposition; that she was placable and forgiving, in a most uncommon degree, even to her basest and most inveterate enemies, and so far from being of a suspicious and distrustful disposition, she, by too great confidence, continually exposed herself to the covert treachery of deceitful pretended friends; that she was merciful, tender-hearted, and forgiving, possessing nothing of cruelty, and very little of pride; that of all the great crimes laid to her charge, not *one* hath been *proved*; that if it had been possible to prove any one of them, her numerous enemies would have done it; that if she had been guilty, it

must inevitably have been in the power of enemies in their situations to have established that guilt; that they *did* use every endeavour in their power to convict her, but never succeeded; that many of them were themselves afterwards convicted of the very crimes of which they had accused her, and then declared her innocence; that almost all of them came to violent or disgraceful ends; that her nature rendered her incapable of the crimes imputed to her, and that circumstances rendered it, morally speaking, impossible that she could have been guilty of them; that she had foes on every side of her, both domestic and foreign, determined by every means in their power, however base, to effect her ruin; that throughout life she never had one sincere powerful friend, so situated, and so disposed, as to lend her any effectual assistance in defending her character, or in repelling the assaults of her inveterate enemies; that if the tenour of her whole *life* had not effectually given the lie to the base calumnies invented and propagated against her, her *death* must effectually have done it; that that death exhibited a striking instance of the support which a true Christian can obtain under the most appalling circumstances that this life affords, in a degree almost unexampled in the history of the Christian world; that neither a hardened sinner, nor a repentant sinner, who had ever been guilty of such crimes, could have died a death like hers; that her calumniators have been men strongly prejudiced against her, and that a belief of the falsehood of those calumnies is daily gaining ground, as disinterested and impartial investigation is prosecuted.

CONCLUSION.

CONCLUSION.

Then understood I their end. Ps. lxxiii. 17.

In conclusion, I would allude to one other important point of view in which it remains to place the life of Mary, Queen of Scots,—one in which, I think, it has hitherto never been considered. I mean as an instrument in the hands of Providence in *furthering* the great work of reformation in the Christian religion. The supposed tendency of the conduct of Mary in retarding this great object has been the principal means of arousing and continuing to this time the enmity of Protestants against her. I shall, notwithstanding, endeavour to shew, (which is my clear conviction,) that of all the potentates that ever sat upon a throne, who were themselves adverse to the reformed religion, *she* contributed the most towards its speedy and final success. In doing this, she, contrary to all other precedents, seems to have been actuated by the purest motives, and to have employed the mildest means. She is, I believe, the only instance, in the history of the Reformation, of a crowned head, firmly attached to the Catholic religion, yield-

ing to the desire of many of her people, in employing men, as her ministers of state, whom she knew to be hostilely disposed to the cause of the religion which she herself believed to be the true one, which she loved and venerated, and to which she remained faithfully attached to the last moment of her life, even through many and great trials, of almost every kind.

Mary, from her earliest youth, never evinced any want of spirit, nor ever seems to have shrunk from danger when it lay directly in her way. It could not be said of her, as it was of her arch-enemy Knox, that "she was never found to fail in taking prudent precaution for her own safety." It was not, then, from timidity, that she adopted these conciliatory measures, but from a desire to allay religious rancour and animosities, and to unite, what never can be united, religious parties contending for the supremacy. This desire evinced, however, neither a bad heart, nor a want of courage, but it did evince what was no disparagement to the character of a young woman, though it might be to that of a queen, a deficiency of deep insight into the central and corrupt core of the human heart. This attempt would have proved fatal in any country under similar circumstances; in Scotland, at that time, it was so totally an hopeless attempt, that the union of fire and water would have been as practicable. She failed, and she became the victim of her own good intentions and of the innate purity and simplicity of her heart! She failed in obtaining her *earthly* object, but not in acquiring the reward which is promised to such conduct, the only object which ought to influence on such occasions, that of *dying* "*the death of the righteous.*"

What were the lives, the enjoyments, and the end of those of whom it is said, that "*the world was unworthy?*" "*They,*" like Queen Mary, "had trials of cruel mockings, of bonds and

imprisonment:—*they* wandered in deserts, in mountains, in dens, and caves of the earth:—*they* were tempted, they were slain with the sword."

Had the Queen of Scots, on coming to the throne of her native country, been determined to exert the power, the spirit, and the understanding, which she possessed, in extirpating, what was by most Catholics then called, and believed to be, *heresy*, she would, in all human probability, have met with but little opposition or difficulty. The tide once turned against him, it is probable, that the prudent Knox, notwithstanding all his rude blustering, would soon have again sought refuge in Geneva. Her friends, and the friends of the old faith, (who were then by far the most numerous,) only kept back by fear, would soon have rallied around her; nay, one half of the seemingly strenuous, but really vacillating opponents of the falling religion, would have quickly lent their aid to strengthen and to support it. Scotland, in that case, might have been at this day a Catholic country.

Let not this be thought to be all imaginary; look for a moment at the conduct of *this* its neighbouring kingdom, about that time, nay in all times. Has not the professed religion of its monarch always been the religion of the state? Did ever the king change his religion to please the people? Have not the generality of the people always outwardly altered their religion to please the ruler? As the despot, Henry VIII., pulled the wires connected with religious opinions, so moved the puppets of popular favour, sometimes high, sometimes low, sometimes that way, sometimes this. Edward VI. was a Protestant King, and his subjects were Protestants. His successor, Mary, was a Catholic, and the people again became Catholics. Elizabeth, who succeeded Mary, strenuously support-

ed the Protestant cause, and the religion of the kingdom became established Protestantism. This view of human nature is humiliating, but it is too faithful. It cannot, then, be doubted, but that, if Queen Mary had pursued the methods which each of these monarchs successively took, i. e. employed and encouraged those *only*, whose religious professions accorded with her own views, she would have been equally successful in making and keeping *her* religion, the religion of the *state*.

The change of religion in Scotland was thus different from that in most, if not all other countries, by being a change effected *in spite* of the ruling power; it was a *violent* change, or a change effected by violent means. Whenever this is the case, the revolution is almost always sudden, and from one extreme to another; such in Scotland was the reform at that time effected in the religion of the country. Where the change is produced by peaceable means, conformable to the wish of the sovereign, little more alteration is made than what is absolutely required, and even *that*, not always at *once*, but by little and little, as circumstances or opportunity require and facilitate. Where force is required or employed, nothing short of extirpation will satisfy the successful party. Every evil-disposed man, and every evil passion of human nature is, in that case, brought into full play, and the rudest savage in the country is as active and as operative as the most enlightened philosopher. Rapine and plunder become the most stimulating motives, and even the better disposed part of the community too often find themselves compelled (or fancy so) to employ them as allowable auxiliaries, while treachery, deception, violence, and murder, are the instruments too frequently used.

Of all religionists, the Presbyterians, or Kirk of Scotland,

have the least occasion to hate the memory of their Queen Mary. She was (however unwillingly) the establisher of *their* religion. Had she either refused to come among them, or, when upon the throne, had she firmly endeavoured to maintain the Catholic religion, in all human probability *Presbyterianism* would not at this day have been the established religion of Scotland. In the first case, Murray would have been the most likely to have obtained the rule, and he was too much a creature of Elizabeth to have openly countenanced Presbyterianism. In the latter case, Scotland must have remained a Catholic country. If the Presbyterians would but consider this, they would hardly let their religious prejudices continue to keep them so unjustly exasperated against their basely calumniated Queen, who was certainly, in effect, the establisher of Presbyterianism in Scotland.

Throughout the whole of this interesting inquiry, I have, I trust, kept the discovery of *Truth* in view, as the primary object. I have heard both sides, and have endeavoured to decide impartially between them. I must confess, that, in starting upon the investigation, I was not without fears of the *Heroine* not being found free, even from gross crimes; every step, however, of my progress, has tended to clear her character more and more from the imputation; that character has continued throughout to rise, step by step, in every respect, in my estimation, while that of her enemies and calumniators has proportionally sunk.

If I have, in the course of the investigation, appeared to be, in some instances, too severe upon her enemies, let it be remembered, that it has been on the side of mercy that I have erred; it has been in defending the weak from the tyranny of the powerful, the unsuspecting from the treachery of the de-

signing; it has been in vindicating the calumniated from the malice of the traducer; it has been in stripping the cloak from hypocrisy, and in exposing the deceptious arts of the forger and the betrayer; it has been in holding up to execration the baseness of lawless rebels openly opposing the mild and legal measures of their legitimate sovereign. Here, if any where, a little excess of severity may surely be allowable.

I cannot close this investigation, without expressing my gratitude for having been led, as I hope, to a successful attempt to serve the cause of the persecuted, and to rescue in some degree the memory of the unfortunate from the effects of oppression and injustice; for "*there is not upon earth a more heavenly office than that of disinterestedly advocating the cause of long calumniated and injured innocence.*"

DEATH,

AND THE

RIVAL QUEENS.

DEATH.

DEATH, restless destroyer,
King of this world,
How vast are thy triumphs, how sure are thy darts!
Thou art swifter than the swift,
Thou art stronger than the strong;
He who has slain his thousands shall be slain by thee,
He to whom nations bow shall bow to thee.
Thou who strikest no second stroke,
Thou whose power is o'er every clime,
Thou who wakest by night and by day,
Thou at whose hand
Come life and destruction,
Blessing and cursing,
Thou loved and longed for,
Hated and shunned, (alas, how vainly!)

Inexorable king,
How vast are thy triumphs!
Where art thou not?—
A field of slaughter, wrath and agony,
There shrieks the conquer'd, there the conqueror shouts;
Earth quakes beneath, and heaven flames bright above,
And there art *thou!*
Thunders the cannon's mouth the herald of thy path,
Swift fly the feather'd darts, thy winged messengers;
The trampling hoofs and the extended spear,
The glittering poniard, and the crooked blade,
Thy beck obey;
As high amid the throng,
Towering on every side,
Another yet the same,
There reignest thou.
Fired by one kindred impulse, thousands and tens of thousands
Rush onward to thine arms:
Wild o'er the field of woe gleameth thy rolling eye,
Bright with unreal glory:
Arm'd with unerring weapons hangeth thy "red right hand,"
Impatient to descend:

Thy left extended forth, proffers the laurel wreath,
Deceitful lure;
For 'tis an earthly crown,
Withering like man.

A land of flowers and sunshine, pomp and glory,
A land of terror, bondage, chains, and darkness,
It is the *Land of Canes:*
There, on his pinnacle of power, vain man
Reigns o'er his fellow-man,
"*I am,*" he saith, "and there is none beside me."
Illusive dream!
Thou, hour by hour, passest amid his legions,
Falling at thy approach;
The swelling veins,
The limbs relaxing, and the failing breath,
Denote thy coming;
Thou, a shadowy form,
Dark, indistinct, and wonderful,
Half welcomed, half repulsed,
Lay'st on the negro sufferer thy cold hand,
And his spirit fleeth
From the hands of the unjust, to the Just,—
From the unmerciful, to the Merciful.

The tempest beats, the thunder roars,
The lightnings flash, the torrents fall,
And o'er the earth the pall of darkness spreads;
An hour of dread; all nature feels its sway;
The solid earth
Shrinketh beneath the horrors raging o'er her;
The mighty deep
Tosseth in agony her troubled waves;
The forest trees,
Raging to madness at the crash,
Give to the winged blast their sever'd arms;
Torn with intestine war,
The savage beasts fly to their covert,
And despotic man,
Shrinking and pale, and trembling at the view,
Hideth his lordly head;—
THOU,
Thou ridest on the flaming levin,
Darkness thy covering, the blast thy minister,
The thunder is thy voice,
And the clouds are thine artillery,
Yea Thou art there also.

Thou art in the shepherd's cot and in the monarch's palace,

Thou art in the scatter'd hamlet and in the crowded city;
The young and the old,
The strong and the feeble,
The low and the lofty,
Bow before thee.
The darkness hideth not from thee;
The bars of iron and the gates of brass exclude thee not.

Ages on ages hence removed, when TIME,
Troubling the surface of Eternity,
Breaking the' unbroken calm where the Lord God
As yet was all in all,
Sprang from the fathomless abyss to last
Its term allotted, and again go down,
The latest ripple closing o'er its breast,
Lost in the unbounded depths from whence it rose;
Then God created man upon the earth,
And placed him in the garden He had made:
There love and joy, and praise and thankfulness,
(A blooming train, whose mirth no sighs dispel,
Whose smiles no tears,)
Sported amid the scene, and led more swift
The hours aye swift, — their flight nor hoped nor feared;

For chance and change, decay and destruction,
Not then were known; they are thy baneful train,
O Death!
And till thou wert, were not;
—For added joys, for seasons' pleasant change,
They could not come where dwelt perpetual spring,
And fulness of delight:
Celestial gales awoke the perfumed air;
With freshness never-fading grew the turf;
Bending with fruit where never canker lurk'd,
Blushing with flowers that bloom'd and wither'd not,
Fresh with perennial verdure, hung the trees
In majesty erect, beneath whose shade
Man walk'd, creation's lord; above his head
No thunder gather'd, in the earth beneath
No fires intestine raged; around his feet
The serpent twined innocuous; while beside
The lambkins frolick'd, oft the enormous wolf
Stalk'd round and made them sport; the little hare
Play'd with the delicate grey-hound lightsomely;
The mighty lion sported with the kid;
The eagle bask'd beside the cooing dove;
And the sweet warbling birds,
Fluttering their glorious wings,
Play'd round the falcon's nest.

One mighty voice from hills and dales and floods
Accordant burst;—that voice *Jehovah's praise;*
His praise the streams
Pour'd as they roll'd upon their pearly beds:
With it the woods were vocal, in whose bowers
The birds caroll'd their orisons; and man,
With heart and voice alike concordant, raised
His grateful pæans; or angel visitants,
(For angels thought it then no shame to join
A concert such as theirs,) sent forth on earth
Strains such as rise in heaven;
Loudly the billows of the ocean utter'd
"*Hosannah to the Lord;*"
The sun, ascending in his majesty,
Rejoicing as a giant to run his course,
Heard the glad hymn and answer'd, "*The Lord is good:*"
—The moon, the stars of heaven, consenting join'd
The universal chorus; discord none
Disturb'd the music of the scene, that kept
Perpetual jubilee:
Till SIN
Enter'd the paradise that God had made,
And DEATH with Sin.
At thy nativity,

The thunder roar'd thy welcome; earth beneath,
Quaked at the monstrous birth; the breezes changed
To poison'd gales blowing around the sphere;
—These were thy harbingers; and shrieks and groans
Welcomed the wondrous tale.
Dreadful thy natal robe, for thou wert clad
With fear as with a garment; in thy hand
The arrows of destruction; pain and torture,
Horror and terror, agony and woe,—
These went before thy footsteps;—behind,
A mournful band; partings to those who love,
Blightings to youthful hopes; heart-withering despair,
Anguish and lamentation.

Thou, at thy birth rejoicing, didst cross the turf;
It shrivell'd at thy tread;
On the vernal boughs thy hand was laid;
Their verdure wither'd and their blossoms died,
Their ruby fruit canker'd, and parch'd, and fell.
At thy approach
Darkness as with a canopy o'erspread
The firmament of heaven: to work thy will,
One upon another all creatures turn'd,
Hastening thy certain stroke; the serpent's dart
Assail'd the heel of man; the prowling wolf

Rush'd on the feeble lamb; upon the hare
The eager greyhound darted; on the kid
The lion turn'd, the eagle on the dove;
The falcon on the songsters of the grove;
Lord of the earth, all the living at thy tread
Felt the strange presence, and their sinking forms
Confess'd the empire of their new-born king
Omnipotent below.
The little warbling birds
Ceased their love-kindled songs,
Folded their weary wings,
And droop'd and mourn'd and fell;
The cooing doves
Sank at the touch of thy supremacy;
Bent to thy dire behest the bounding kid;
In the sad homage join'd the sportive lambs;
The forest beasts beneath thy sceptre fell;
And *man*, the last,
—Man his Creator's image, lordly man,
He own'd thy sway; and, as from dust he came,
So he to dust return'd.
Then first unstrung,
To jarring tones the "lyre of nature" thrill'd;
The voice of discord was creation's voice;
"*Woe to the world*" the bursting floods denounced;

Earth knew its sentence; and the forest depths
With groans and howlings answer'd to the tale;
Man cursed his fellow man; the stormy deep,
Raising its angry billows, loud proclaim'd
"*Anguish and pain and woe;*" and at its sound
The clouded sun, the ineffectual moon,
The fickle stars, with simultaneous cry,
Echoed the voice that came.

Nature inanimate perform'd thy will:
The lightning, shooting from the heights of heaven,
Obey'd thy mandates; earth let forth her fire,
To execute thy wrath; unknown and unfear'd,
Silently, secretly, the dews of heaven
Perform'd thy bidding; with a louder voice,
'Mid stormy majesty and cloudy pomp,
The whirlwind issued from the darken'd sky,
And did thy work of doom.

Men, spread upon the earth, thy engines spread;
The "ravening deep" received thy victims then,
The furnace seized them; then the warrior's sword
Leapt from its scabbard, eager to destroy.

Men spread their mighty works upon the earth,

They made them gods, and bent the knee before them;
Till those vast works confess'd themselves thy power;
The gods they bow'd to, bow'd themselves to Thee;
Yea, till the solid globe
On its changed surface bore herself thy marks:
Temples and towers, and domes and palaces,
Waned from their glory; Bel and Ashtoreth,
Dagon and Chemosh, Nebo and Diana,
Baal and Moloch, fell beneath the touch
Of thine oblivious hand; the' eternal hills,
The adamantine rocks, crumbled and sunk
Before thee.
Conquering king!
Through the long vista of futurity,
Not mine the eye of light, the tongue of flame,
To trace thy lengthen'd course:—A ray from heaven
Descendeth there, and to a ransom'd world
Displays, (oh sight of joy!) thy vanquish'd form
With hell and with the grave, a captive bound
To *His* triumphal car, who, having borne,
That he might break, thy yoke, ascendeth now,
And to his Father's throne victorious leads
Captive captivity—honour yet more high
Given thee, the conquer'd now, than heretofore
Was thine while conqueror,—given thee at that hour

When to *His work* he chose thee,—when he robed
thee
In glory not thine own; and sent thee forth,
His chosen messenger, from earth to heaven
To lead his servants;—terrible alone
To those who, shunning his light yoke, would not
That he should reign o'er them.—Well, stay thou on
Thy term allotted, (*yet* doth it endure,)
And at His word, who call'd thee when thou wert not,
Thou, the last enemy, shalt be destroy'd,
And God be all in all.

MARY.

"HARP of the North," with trembling hand
I woo to life thy magic string:
No powers revive, no hopes expand,
My soul, presumptuous while I sing;
And as, with spirit faltering,
Reluctant I thy chords engage,
And all unwont such part to wage,
O'er the strange notes my fingers fling,—
This, only this, the suit I bring,
"Forgive, forgive, the sacrilege:"
For thou, sweet lyre, by bolder hand,
By bard, far other waked than I,
Hast pour'd in rapture o'er the land
A tide of richest harmony;
Till her deep caves in darkness hid,
Her mountains' loftiest pyramid,

Her deserts, silent as the tomb,
Her forests, to their inmost gloom,
Till every rock, and hill, and plain,
Was vocal with the' inspiring strain.

When erst, like mist with radiance rife,
Arose the music from thy wire;
And, thrilling to the strings of life,
Stole thy soft notes, enchanter-lyre;
Broke not thy spell the barrier dread,
That parts the living from the dead?—
Then might ye see the warrior's form
Ride on the chariot of the storm;
In the high hall of shield and shell,
The hero-wraiths rejoicing dwell;
Then from the clouds, in sunder rent,
The manes of the mighty bent;
When rose the vapour dense and vast,
Wrapt in its shroud, a spirit pass'd.

"Harp of the North," that spell is dead,
The spirit of the shades is fled;
A power more mighty reigns instead:
Thine is the lay, 'mid thrall and gloom,
Which lures the grey-hair'd statesman's ear;

And, pausing in her work of doom,
Which bright-eyed beauty bends to hear;
Whose artless strain, whose careless glee,
Beguiles the ear of infancy;—
Wakes the wild wonder of the crowd,
And gains the applauses of the proud.
Like Zion's towers, whose ramparts strong
Stand in eternity of song,
Raised by thy voice before our eyes,
The long forgotten halls arise;
The motley crowd, in barbarous state,
Those silent walls repopulate;
The lonely hill, sequester'd spot,
Lone and secluded now is not;
The palace, long unsought, again
Is peopled with a radiant train;
For in those walls, in lofty tower,
The wakeful watch his vigil keeps;
Apart within her lonely bower,
The love-lorn maiden wakes and weeps;
The duteous squires, the yeomen tall,
Attendant throng the lofty hall;
By night, by day, there, ready dight,
Terrific towers the mail-clad knight;

Appearing o'er that lonely hill,
(I see their forms, they linger still,)
'Mid tufted broom and willow wand,
With axe and bow, and lance and brand,
Wide hanging o'er the glen below,
The plaided warriors forward bow;
Again, 'mid pomp, and power, and state,
The gay, the noble, and the great,
In glistening silks, and jewels sheen,
In those deserted domes are seen;
While high amid that splendid throng,
The glorious monarch moves along;
Fix'd on his glance each warrior's eyne,
Each lady's look—such power is thine. *

WHAT means this gloom, portentous spread,
Sad as the stillness of the dead?—
Why hovering round, in sable shrouds,
Spread their thick veil the murky clouds?—

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* See Lady of the Lake.

Why seems the sun with blood defiled?
Why cease the warblers of the wild?
Why, wheeling round with circling flight,
Forsake their caves the birds of night?
Is it that earth no more may stand,—
The end of all things now at hand?
Does nature, in o'erwhelming gloom,
In awe await her final doom?
The land of rock, and hill, and dell,
Of heath and mountain, flood and fell,
The land whence sprung the free, the brave,
Is now their bane, their death, their grave.
The sounds of gladness all are o'er;
The voice of joy is heard no more;
Solemn and sad, with heavy swell,
Floats on the air the deep death-knell;
The rank grass springs erect and tall,
Beside the sanctuary wall;
Along the temple's threshold spread,
The gray moss lies on lowly bed;
The wily fox, secure and lone,
Looks from behind the altar-stone;
And from the window's tracery light
Discordant hoots the bird of night;

The mountain-pine the tempest rends,
To earth the beardless thistle bends,
While o'er the stream's dry stony bed,
The dying willow's leaves are shed;
The flame-spoil'd cot's black embers glow,
And still at intervals will throw
The blue smoke from the fire below.
The public paths are all untrode;
The trembling traveller winds his road
Through desert waste and tangled glen,
Till now unmark'd by feet of men:
Along the highways' sides are spread
The bones and bodies of the dead;
Thence scarcely can the birds of prey
Be scared to leave their feast away;
The father from his offspring flies,
The brother by the brother dies;
The son his mother drags to death,
The mother stops her infant's breath:
The Bible, with the cross at war,
Has driven affrighted peace afar;
While guilt and treachery, hand in hand,
With fire and sword lay waste the land;
Religion, peace, and bliss are fled,
On other climes their smiles to shed;

To rocks and barren mountains high
The persecuted righteous fly;
To caverns deep, to clefts and shelves,
The godly haste to hide themselves:
The brave, the noble of the land,
Have died, or fled their native strand:
Why, why, this desolation spread
O'er Caledonia's humbled head?

What lovely form, in deepest gloom
Of prison cave, awaits her doom?—
Her seat, the' appalling emblems dire
Of bondage, torture, death, and ire;
Her shackles, such as well might tame
The strongest, wildest human frame;
Before her on the earth are placed—
As if they once her head had graced—
Two splendid diadems, so bright
As round to cast a radiant light;
One, richer still, by slenderest thread,
Hangs o'er the lovely captive's head.

Oh! can the form we there behold,
Be aught of earth or earthly mould?

Can looks like her's to form pertain,
Which is not free from mortal stain?
Serene she sits, in sable vest,
While to her palpitating breast
The holy cross is warmly prest:
From earth, and earthly crowns, her eyes
Are raised to meet much dearer ties;—
A heavenly throne, a heavenly crown
She sees, and knows them for her own:
She sees, and, wrapp'd in ecstasy,
Forgets that she has yet to *die*,
While lovelier still her charms appear
Amidst the horrors glooming near.

Thus when the murky clouds of night
Combine to veil her heavenly light,
Beyond their reach the lunar queen
Still reigns in majesty serene.
Thus, too, when wild waves raging fly
Around the towering Pharos high,
Its steady light remains to steer
The seamen through the dangers near.

Oh! who, then, is this saint oppress'd?
This angel in a mortal vest?

'Tis Scotia's basely-injured Queen!
'Tis she—who, cherish'd, would have been
The loveliest, brightest, richest gem
In Caledonia's diadem,—
A gem too polish'd, pure, and bright
For Scotia's sons, in Scotia's night,
When evil men and evil times
Were stain'd with basest, blackest crimes.

Hark! from the depths conceal'd I hear
Unearthly music floating near!
A concert sweet!—nigh, yet more nigh
Is heard the solemn harmony!
What forms are those, in flowing dress,
Emerging from the deep recess?
The flaring light is dimly shed
On each time-whiten'd reverend head;
Low spread, beneath, their beards of snow,
With graceful sweep their mantles flow;
Sedately as they take their way,
Their fingers o'er the lyre-strings stray;
Their eyes (some sightless) dew'd with tears;—
These are the *bards of other years!*
As slow they pass the monarch's seat,
They lowly bend with reverence meet;

Then take, with solemn steps, their stand,
In silence ranged on either hand

Before the rest, advancing slow,
With locks and beard like Mona's snow,
Was seen a form which awe impress'd
On every look, in every breast;
His eyes were sightless, yet his face
Of inward light bore strongest trace;
A mournful, deep, and solemn air,
Full of unutter'd thought, was there;
A moment o'er his harp he hung,
Its chords to woe were ready strung;
Who, who is this—this man of years—
Who more than *mortal* man appears?
'Tis *Ossian*, sovereign of the lyre!
'Tis Fingal's son, 'tis Oscar's sire!
'Tis he, the prince of bards, whose song
Enraptured nations still prolong.
He touch'd the chords,—a sudden thrill
Through nature ran, and she was still!
The sighing strings his fingers swept,
And sympathizing nature wept;
With harp and voice the air he tried,
It seem'd as if all nature sigh'd;

In stirless, breathless stillness bound,
Creation listen'd to the sound;
At every pause the' attendant choir
Accordant struck each mournful lyre.

Song.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, child of the glorious,
Majestic in sorrow thy face and thy form,
O'er the shades that surround thee thy splendour victorious,
Like the rainbow that shines on the skirts of the storm.
These harps to the living no longer now swelling,
That wake where the footstep of man cannot be,
That hang where the souls of the mighty are dwelling,
They yet may be vocal, oh! monarch, to thee.
Hail to thee, hail to thee, &c. &c.

For in night's shrouding shadows the pale ghosts that wander,
In the beams of the moon, on the eddying blast,

Where rise the green hills, or the streamlets meander,
Have beckon'd to *thee*, as around thee they pass'd.
From the blue waving mists that environ them bending,
The shades of thy fathers appear in the sky;
We see the clear flame of their glory descending,
To welcome thee up to their dwelling on high;
Hail to thee, hail to thee, &c. &c.

Cease the lay:—the bards low bend;
The deep black clouds appear to rend;
One flash of light pervades the sphere;
One crash of thunder thrills the ear;
In lengthen'd course, from rock to rock,
Streams the broad lightning, bursts the shock;
—The blaze is past, the crash is o'er,—
The shadowy choir are seen no more.

The wind is up: along the sky
The heavy clouds divide and fly;
Thence, where the stranger's snowy sail
Has disappear'd before the gale,

The wailing comes upon the ear
Of the expiring mariner;
Now red, now lost, the sun is seen;
Pale flashes break the clouds between;
Swelling and falling on the gale,
Departed heroes' voices wail;
The robes of chiefs in waving shrouds
Appear upon the driving clouds;
Seen dimly where the openings rend,
The mothers of the mighty bend;
Far music cometh from the height,
Commingling with the din of fight;
In the deep caves the wind roars high;
The mountain-pines uprooted lie;
From steep to steep the torrents gush;
The wild stags swift to shelter rush;—
And yonder now, approaching near,
Behold a warrior band appear!
Thin as the lakes light vapoury screen,
Their unsubstantial forms are seen;
Their rolling eye-balls tearless shew,
But yet their looks are looks of woe;
Far o'er our own degenerate race,
Towers high aloft each kingly face;

Bright targets on their arms expand;
Gleams the red falchion in their hand;
The emblem meet of royalty
Appears upon each forehead high;
Solemn and slow their steps are found—
They wake no echo from the ground;
And as they pass the monarch's seat,
Thrice on the targe their falchions beat:
Hither they come, that shadowy band,
Departed rulers of the land,
Their line's last relic hence to call,
To grace her fathers' lofty hall.
To that they point; advancing then,
Before them steps the first of men—
The first of kings—a monarch he,
Where only kings can claim to be:
'Tis FINGAL—tuneful Ossian's sire—
With heart of flesh, but soul of fire;
His arm from earth could armies sweep,
Yet could his eye in pity weep.
Majestic towering o'er the rest
The monarch stood—the first confest—
Before the queen, with looks subdued,
And eyes with pity's tears bedew'd:

A man of deeds, his words were few;
These, only these,—he then withdrew:—

"Daughter, to our halls on high,
Heralds of thy path, we fly;
Daughter, long thou may'st not stay;
Hie thee, daughter, hie away."

The sceptred shadows all have past;
Hush'd is the raging of the blast;
Break the bright sunbeams from the sky;
The summits of the mountains high,
The lucid lakes, the ocean's breast,
The wooded glens, in glory rest!

Are these the sounds of shield and shell,
That in the air vibrating swell?
Hark to the pibroch's loud alarms!
—It calls the northern clans to arms;
It bids them with their parting breath
Redeem their captive queen from death;
And instant as it rolls around,
Swift to her rescue forth they bound.
Sons of the brave! as o'er the lake
On rippling waves the sunbeams wake,

So on the mountain's rising side,
The copse-clad glen, the moorlands wide,
Bright flash your glittering claymores light,
Your burnish'd spears, your targets bright;
As burst the tumults of the wind
Within the mountain-caves confined,
So in the air your voices high
Arise, as on your course ye fly.
—Sons of the brave!—too late! too late!
Your palaces are desolate,
Retire ye to your father's domes;
Protect your monarch's sculptured tombs;
For in your land no more shall spread
The tomb o'er Scottish monarch's head.
Past is the sceptre from your land;
Outstretch'd is retribution's hand;
The wild blast unconfined shall sigh,
Your forests overturn'd shall lie;
Your courts, your cities shall decay,
Your seats of learning pass away;
Disturb not, then, the mournful scene,
Where yon meek sufferer sits serene.

Ah! who is that, who, half display'd,
Stands in the rude clift's gloomy shade?—

Majestic as the mountain-pine's,
Her brow with richest jewels shines;
The regal sceptre of command
She graspeth in her awful hand;
Is she *indeed* of mortal birth,
A creature born to tread on earth?—
Can that proud eye relax and melt,
For grief and pain by *others* felt?—
Can she be one whom man may move,
Who ever felt a mother's love?—
It is the honour'd, the revered,
The loved, the' applauded, and the fear'd,
The queen of Albion's glorious isle:
Why came she here to wound—beguile?
She comes, by hate and envy led,
To bring the King of Terrors dread;
To her so dire his form of fear,
She shudders to behold him near.
Unmoved her victim sees him stand,
And gives him, unappall'd, her hand;
Bright beams from heaven a cheering ray,
The dreadful emblems melt away;
The tyrant shrieks; she flies to hide,
And seeks in cavern clefts to bide.

Slow rises now a vapour pale
O'er all the scene, like misty veil;
Aerial sounds, approaching near,
Swell like the music of the sphere,
While with the more than earthly sound
Celestial odours float around.

The vapoury veil enveloping
The victim and the potent king,
Ascends like cloud at morning's dawn,
Aloft from ocean's breast withdrawn;
High, yet more high, from earth they rise;
Faint, yet more faint, they reach the eyes;
The ear in vain is turn'd to hear,
The eye to see—they disappear.

ELIZABETH.

With the ocean-throne for her lofty seat,
Nations around her in homage meet,
Worship and power at her right hand,
Riches and honours at her command,
Begirt with the light of fortune's smiles,
The empress, see, of the Isle of Isles.

From the magic loom of trade was won
The tissued robe of the mighty one,
Where subject Nature beholds a stealth
From the' earth and the sea of her ravish'd wealth:
Here the regal rose in crimson flaunts,
The violet has quitted her secret haunts,
The jasmine in clustering buds is spread,
The imperial lily hangs her head:

Diamond and ruby there assist,
Emerald, and topaz, and amethyst;
And the depths of the ocean their pearls afford;
(Meet tribute they for their earthly lord:).
The blazing sceptre her hands display;
On her head is the gem-girt tiara.
Surely the powers that, as fables tell,
Supreme in the kingdoms of nature dwell,
Mermaid, gnome, dryad, and sylphid fair,
From ocean, and water, and earth, and air,
Have hither hied with their choicest dower
An *aula* to rear for this mightier power:
Ivory and cedar of Lebanon
Chequer the floor she treads upon:
Pillars of marble and porphyry
The glowing ceiling sustain on high:
For sight too dazzling, that dome behold,
One blazing sun of radiant gold;
From a hundred chrystal girandoles,
The light on a hundred mirrors rolls:
From wherever the winds and waters flow,
On the high-wrought pannels in beauty glow
The brightest pictures in nature's page:
Of every clime and of every age,

The noblest and wisest in years that are gone,—
Plato, or Cæsar, or Xenophon,—
Around the temple are ranged apart:—
Are they the creatures of human art?—
Or is it that she, whom mankind obey,
Can raise the dead from their cells of clay?
What vision of splendour disturbs the fane?—
A train, a train—a gorgeous train—
From north and south, from west and east,
Princess and prince, and lord and priest,
Baron and knight, of every land,
Legate and lady, a votive band,
With uncover'd heads move reverent on:—
They are bending ever and anon:
Their path is ended, and they are nigh
To the goddess of their idolatry:
An offering rich at her feet they pour,
Spikenard and odour, and precious store,
Then bowing to earth on the knee, they raise
The tribute of worship, the incense of praise.

In vain, in vain!—behind conceal'd,
To her, to her alone, reveal'd,
A minister of vengeance nigh,
The form of *Death* hath fix'd her eye.

What forms are these? 'Tis magic all,
That reigns in this enchanted hall.—
Before the throne and from the ground,
Soft floating music steals around,
While, rising slowly on the scene,
In homage to their goddess queen,
The perfumed air to view presents
The sovereigns of the elements.
To the vestal, from his car,
Vulcan yields the bolts of war;
Ceres brings her teeming horn,
Rife with ears of golden corn:
By his ocean chargers fell,
Borne within his pearly shell,
Mighty *Neptune* to her hand
Gives his trident of command:
Æolus, who bringeth in his train,—
Boreas, tyrant of the main,
Aquilo, harsh, severe, and rude,
Eurus, keen as ingratitude,
Auster, with plenty on his wing,
Zephyrus, that opens the flowers of spring,—
Æolus consigns to her right hand
The sceptre that awes the boisterous band.

Vain homage all; for lingering near
The form of Death is ever here.

Now shifts the scene; soft, trembling nigh,
Strange gales of fragrance wander by,
While swift, yon sovereign queen to tend,
Behold the smiling *Loves* descend,
Around their azure wings expand;
The' enchantress waves her sceptral wand,
And lo, subservient to her will,
From Tempe's vale or Ida's hill,
Soft gliding in ethereal state,
On her the linked *Graces* wait;
—Ah, vain the sight! their charms are vain;
She looks where Death is in her train.

What incense scents this charmed bound?
What gales celestial tremble round,
What airs of symphony divine!
—They come, they come, the *Muses* nine,—
Here soft *Euterpe* sweeps the strings;
Here to her lyre *Erato* sings,
Bends on the queen her melting eyes,
While soft the warbled pæans rise;

Whose cold touch quenches the eye of light,
And turns the auburn to locks of white;
Whose hand can crumble the Alps away;—
I knew his scythe and his forelock gray;
I knew his regulating glass,
Whose sands in unvaried rotation pass;—
I saw, unseen by the glittering throng,
As he stretch'd his finger lean and long,
Touch'd with its point the temple's side,
The hall of power;—where now its pride?
Pictures and statues here are not,—
Graces and Muses have fled the spot,—
Jewels and crystal all are gone,—
Sceptre and diadem here are none,—
Marble and porphyry, where are they?
—Past like the gleam of an April day;—
Crumbling heaps of mis-shapen stone,
Dust and corruption remain alone.
Where are the strains that were heard ere long?
—The sound of the viol, the raptures of song?
Singing nor harping here I find,
But the howling blast of the lonely wind.
Where is the train august and bright,
Baron and noble, prince and knight,

And high-born lady in glittering vest?—
Ah! here is the blindworm, the pamper'd guest,
And the owlet that hoots from a ruin'd bed,
And the vulture that raveneth o'er the dead:
And she—the praise and the awe of all,—
The *Enchantress* that ruled the enchanted hall!
Go—over the tomb let your spell be thrown,
And ask of the worm to resign its own,
And death and the grave let your voice condemn
To give up the dead which are in them,
Or ever ye seek her where man has breath—
Dreadful and dreaded ELIZABETH.

END OF VOL. I.

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